THE LADY OF NATIONS

RICHARD H. McCARTNEY

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THE LADY OF NATIONS

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"WAITING FOR THE KING," "THE COMING OF THE KING," "HYPER-ECHOES," "PRINCE SATAN'S CUCKOO," "A BAPTIST DEACON'S PRAYER."

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TO

MARY SPURGIN,

THE MOTHER OF MY WIFE.

O Lover of wee Buds and Blossoms gay,
Oft grieved to see the Shadow of Decay
Creeping across the Glories in thine hand—
Lo, Thou, with Faith's expectancy can stand
Waiting, and watching for the Coming King—
When Earth's waste places shall their blossoms fling
An avalanche of Glories to thy sight—
Then, Thou, can'st revel in a great delight
Seeing Perfection on each bud, and bloom—
New wondrous buds of exquisite perfume.

PREFACE.

The Blood Bought and Blood Washed Believers in OUR LORD and SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST can rest assured that all the Prophecies in the Old and New Testaments not yet fulfilled, shall yet be fulfilled in the most literal manner, to the most minute detail as recorded. When a prophecy has been fulfilled we can rest assured that the occurrence as predicted in the WORD has come to pass in a manner that leaves no room for dispute.

At the first coming of OUR LORD to this Earth—(The Merchantman seeking Pearls of great price who when he found one did give up "his all" to purchase that Pearl) HIS every step, as it were, from Cradle to Resurrection was fulfilling prophecies that had been blazoned on Jewish Sacred pages many a century before. His birthplace—His Boyhood and early manhood's home—HIS miracles—HIS rejection—HIS scourging—dividing HIS raiments—the casting lots for HIS vesture—HIS infamous death—HIS burial—all prophecied about—and all fulfilled to the letter. Now, if hundreds of prophecies have been literally fulfilled to the jot and tittle, why should we doubt the literal fulfillment of other predictions spoken of and recorded by the very same Prophets of GOD?

It is sad to think that some of the best and noblest Christians in their endeavor to prove the destruction of Babylon as recorded in the Old Testament, in their pious anxiety to justify the words of GOD to men—in their attempt to steady the tottering Ark of JEHOVAH—have in a manner given new life to some of the oldest heresies of the early Church. With their "looseness" of interpretation they have given the Infidel just cause to laugh at such fulfillment, and thereby to despise

"*this Book of Old Jewish Myths*"; aye, and in their pious ignorance of the actual condition of Babylon, and the Chaldean plains, they have put on record a so-called fulfillment utterly false in the face of present facts. And also from their pious spiritualizing—this foolish helping out of GOD from HIS difficulties—they have given birth to a school of most pernicious and GOD dishonoring interpretations of The Blessed Word—Such Spiritualizing forces Honest Common Sense (without the enlightenment of the new birth) to become a despiser of a Book that may mean this, or that, or anything a fervid imagination may conceive.

When we read of certain predictions recorded against a certain City—and details therein set forth that were to happen, why should we take certain phases and say "literally fulfilled"—and gloss over and ignore other details which we can readily prove were not fulfilled? The Words of GOD are to be taken in the most literal sense unless it can be clearly seen the words are uttered as a parable or symbol. The Words of GOD were spoken for the enlightenment of The Spiritual man—the one born to God in second birth—and tho' some utterance now seem dark and mysterious we can rest assured that some day we will see them fulfilled as predicted.

When therefore GOD says of Babylon, the proud City of the Chaldean plain—the spot where first organized opposition against GOD took place after the flood—that:

1. "*And Babylon, the Glory of the Kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency, shall be as when* GOD *overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah.*"
2. "*It shall never be inhabited.*"
3. "*Neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation.*"
4. "*Neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there.*"
5. "*Neither shall the shepherds make their folds there.*"
6. "*It shall be no more inhabited forever.*"
7. "*No man shall abide there.*"
8. "*Neither shall any son of man dwell therein.*"

9. "*Babylon is suddenly fallen and destroyed.*"

10. "*To make the land of Babylon a desolation without an inhabitant.*"

11. "*And they shall not take of thee a stone for a corner nor a stone for foundations but thou shall be desolate forever, saith the* LORD."

12. "*Her cities are Desolation, a dry land, and a wilderness, a land wherein no man dwelleth, neither does any son of man pass thereby.*"

After reading the above verses from the WORD let us read the unimpeachable testimony of Professor D. V. Hilprecht, in a publication dated October 6th, 1900: "*Before Professor Hilprecht left Babylonia, he accepted a cordial invitation from the German Expedition working at Kuwairesh, a small Arab village on the Euphrates, beautifully situated between the palm groves at the foot of the ruins which cover Nebuchadnezzar's palace in ancient Babylon.*" This is a flat contradiction of the above verses marked 1 to 8 inclusive. Again Professor Hilprecht: "*The expectations that interesting treasures of art would be discovered in the interior of the palace have not been realized, the history of Babylon's* GRADUAL DECAY *being unfavorable to such expectations.*" Flatly contradicting verses No. 9 and No. 10—as the decay was gradual, not suddenly. Again Professor Hilprecht: "*According to my conviction, based upon a study of the inscriptions and repeated visits to the different groups representing what is left of Nebuchadnezzar's splendid residence, the famous sanctuary of Babylon must be sought in the most northern ruin of the whole complex called today Babil, which for many centuries has served as the almost inexhaustible quarry for public and private buildings from the embankments of the Tigris opposite Bagdad to the modern structures of the Hindiya canal and in the town of Hilla.*" A flat contradiction of verses No. 11 and No. 12.

Now, we see no reason to doubt for one instant the veracity

of such writers as Captain Frank Burnaby, in his ride through Asiatic Turkey, and John Punnett Peters (and other well known men) in that interesting book "Nippur." Such reliable testimony flatly contradicts the utter desolation of Babylon of the land of Chaldea as recorded in God's Holy Word. What, then, as God must be true—are we forced to the conclusion, such men are liars?—Is it not the better part of faith and common sense to come to the one inevitable conclusion, no matter if whole Libraries of writings by Schoolmen made rubbish by such confession—that God's Word cannot be false and that Babylon of the Chaldees is yet to be destroyed as God has spoken by the mouth of His Holy Prophets? For no believer in the Lord Jesus Christ can hold with the utterly Blasphemous ideas now prevalent in the Broad Church, both in England and America—and alas, in many, very many, of the so-called Orthodox pulpits—that such predictions were highly colored poetical fancies—the glowing hyperbolical brilliancy of the Oriental mind.

We can without a hesitancy of a doubt say—If such has not been fulfilled it will most assuredly as God liveth be fulfilled in the coming future. God's Word has never failed. God's Word has never been broken. Then as a certain definite doom has been recorded by God against Babylon, and as we can readily prove by a hundred creditable witnesses that such predictions have not been fulfilled in the first destruction of Babylon, we can say with unfaltering trust: Babylon of the Chaldees shall rise from her ruins, shall deck herself in a glory of Gold and Splendor of which we have as yet little conception, shall be the Commercial Mart of the then newly risen Roman Empire—if not the world—that one may yet stand on roof of one of her palaces, read the 18th chapter of Revelations, Spread abroad his hands, and exclaim: Every word uttered two thousand years ago stands fulfilled to the jot and tittle.

It has ever been the darling wish of Lucifer to be wor-

shiped as God—We know one-third of the heavenly host followed his standard of Rebellion, and we know that over one-half of the Inhabitants of the Earth are worshiping him by the various forms of idolatry. But his most daring wish is to be worshiped by the most intelligent and enlightened nations of the world. And as the "most scholarly" Professors in our various Christian Colleges and Universities are now busily casting discredit on the words of even JEHOVAH CHRIST himself—notably in the matter of Jonah, the Prophet, for if that record is false—so is CHRIST'S resurrection from the dead. We may safely say that the product of such teaching turned loose on the common people will show in the next generation a goodly crop of Word Despisers—and so preparing the General Public to be ready victims when GOD will withdraw HIS outraged Grace, and permit the strong delusion to settle on man's mind, so that they will believe *"The Lie!"* Lucifer has very ambitious designs, and it seems The Chaldean Plains have ever been in his mind as the stage on which his infernal Drama should be revealed. He was once foiled at Babel in this intent—but there is coming a day, known only to GOD, when Satan's designs shall blossom to a head. Babylon will be the culminating point of Satanic Wickedness on Earth. And tho' Professors sneer, and Wise men laugh, at the idea—*"An impossibility in this enlightened age"*—yet on the plains of Shinar the most enlightened Nations of Europe (in the bounds of the old Roman Empire) will by their Representatives Worship Lucifer as God.

No matter if most of the Preachers and Teachers in Christion Churches today ignore and laugh to scorn the idea of that terrible Being—ANTICHRIST—he yet shall surely come. His City—the Royal City of his pride—shall be Babylon.

The near future is big with mighty wonders—and all set forth in clear cut detail in GOD'S Blessed Word, but ignored, glossed over, and disbelieved in by most of the pulpits of the World.

The City of Jerusalem shall arise from her slumbers—again shall a Temple of splendor flash to the eyes of Jews and Gentiles—again shall the morning and evening sacrifices send their thin smoke heavenward—again the Sopher call be heard in Zion.

On some set day, known only to God, the Leaders of the Jews shall enter into a covenant with the Prince of Babylon—he to be their Protector and Guardian for seven years. Three years and one-half afterwards he forbids the daily sacrifices. He proclaims himself the Man God—he acknowledges the fallen Prince Lucifer as his God—his prophet proclaims The Man God shall have universal recognition as God!—The Trinity of Hell shall usurp the place of the Trinity of Heaven towards Humanity.

Three years and one-half—forty and two months—1,260 days—shall be the revelry of Hell—then THE LORD CHRIST stretches forth HIS hand and the first to feel the coming of THE WRATH OF THE LAMB—Babylon, The City of Anti-Christ. Her plagues are plainly foretold:

"The Gathering of Barbarians of Asia—lured by her spoil."
"The Noisome Sore."
"The Drying up of the Euphrates."
"The turning of the Waters to Blood."
"The Horrible Darkness."
"The Terrible Heat."
"The Sacking of the City."
"The Slaughter of the Inhabitants."

Then the finger of JEHOVAH CHRIST writing Destruction on palaces and towers, the flame—the Earthquakes—the City and Plain swept by the Besom of Destruction from JEHOVAH OF HOSTS! Then one may stand far off and read the perdiction recorded by GOD both in the Old and New Testaments, and say without fear of a Shadow of Doubt:

Surely as He hath spoken hath Babylon been broken.

It is most pleasing to note of the increasing number of the pulpits in Great Britain—more especially in the Established

Church of England—who give forth "no uncertain sound" as to the Glorious Coming of the King, who shall reign in Righteousness, personally, and by His Risen Saints over a Sanctified and Redeemed Earth from which will be lifted forever the blighting Curse of Sin.

And the pity of it all that the Great Protestant Reformers, the Giants of the Imperial Christ, should have by their careless reading of the Prophetic Scriptures given a chance to the men of later times to build a whole System of Prophecy on their words—that men of the present days can readily see had no foundation in fact. The Reformers made the fatal mistake of calling Rome—Babylon; and making the Pope Anti-Christ—but the Bible to such gives no countenance. And yet it was a mistake that men dare not speak ill of the reformers for making—for Rome at that time was shedding the Blood of the Church—and but for the perilous times and enemies which surrounded them on every hand, the Reformers would have handled God's Prophetic Words with the same literalness that they held the greatest of all Doctrines—that is, Justification by Faith in a Crucified but Risen CHRIST. In fact the most fatal Doctrine of the Church of Rome bars the way of the Pope being the Anti-Christ—and as long as the Church of Rome holds this doctrine as all precious to her heart—she cannot be the City of Babylon. The Apostle John inspired by GOD THE HOLY GHOST, wrote: *"Every spirit that confesseth not that* JESUS CHRIST *is come in the flesh is not of* GOD*; and that is that spirit of Anti-Christ."*

The most deadly doctrine of Rome—the worship of Mary and that for giving birth to the Lord Jesus Christ—therefore undeniable proof that the Pope is not Anti-Christ. Again the Apostle John, inspired by God the Holy Ghost, wrote:

"If any man worship the beast and his image, and receive his mark in his forehead, the same shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which is poured out without mixture into the cup of His indignation; and he shall be tormented with

fire and brimstone in the presence of the holy angels, and in the presence of the Lamb, and the smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever, and they have no rest day nor night, who worship the beast and his image and whosoever receiveth the mark of his name."

Now we are not so foolish as to think for one instant that all the followers of the Roman Church are lost—nay, if we must write it—we believe the name of CHRIST is Talismanic—and its utterance on dying lips have a power we wot not of—and never can until HE comes—or until we cross the River where we shall in the Abode of Spirits awaiting the Resurrection day, meet, and greet as Brethren, millions from the Church of Rome.

The mistake then was making A System—The Anti-Christ—when the Bible clearly states He will be a Person.

The other mistake—calling Rome, Babylon! for which in the entire range of GOD'S Blessed Word we have not a single verse or word to give us authority for so saying.

Seeing then that the Reformers were careless in this particular—that the Divines have preached and written wondrous tomes to prove a false position for the past three hundred years, it is hardly a wonder that the mass of Preachers seeing the absurdity of such Words—are inclined to gloss over the Character of That Wicked Person, yet to come, whose portraiture is so clearly defined by GOD THE HOLY GHOST in HIS written Word. The Religious Press and Christian Pulpits are largely silent on such a Character. The Glamour of Glory and Splendor of Commercial Exploits have dazzled Christian eyes—until they dream such bringeth the Glory of God.

The unique position of the Jew is entirely forgotten. We are full of pride, we Gentiles—the lust of conquest in our Anglo-Saxon blood—and shall we listen to the Word which declares in no uncertain words—that in spite of our hate—the Jews are yet to be the Princes of this Earth.

The mass of American Christians therefore blinded by—

mark well the words—the Wilful Blindness of College Professors (and consequently of the Preachers)—for they profess to study, to examine, to comprehend, to teach young men to be expounders of God's Word to the common people, and yet, alas, the Day of Anti-Christian Darkness cometh, but they will not heed—nor do they care to understand.

For we cannot but be persuaded of the Reasonableness of the Mercy and Grace of God in The Lord Jesus Christ—The King of the Ages, and we know that the earth shall not always be a Kingdom of Wickedness—a Rebel Province, a Blight within the Beautiful Universe of God—We know that,

"The King shall come to his own again."

And as we look across the world—seeing the effects of sin—beholding its misery, its pain, its anguish, its sorrow; hear its crying and lamentations and bitter woe—knowing that there is an infernal virus in the World poisoning Life at the fountain head; that men are utterly impotent to conquer sin—still Hope Singeth to Faith Glad Songs of Deliverance in this night time, our hearts are full of Gladness—tho'

The Earth is full of bitter things;
And Doubt has many questionings—
Problems I cannot comprehend,
Perchance, will not until the End;
But well I know that I can wait
With simple trust outside His gate,
And when He comes I know full well
All wrong will be impossible.
Now, in the Infancy of man,
None grasps all the Eternal Plan,
We walk by faith, and not by sight,
But when as men we see His light,
Our heart and lips all glad to tell:
Behold, He hath done all things well!

We know that the curse is to be lifted from Humanity—from the Earth—We know over a happy Earth a King shall reign in Righteousness, and Princes shall rule in judgment (The Risen Saints). What tho' the Wise Men of the present

time regard it as a vain oriental vision indeed, and tho'—

Men laugh to scorn—but mine eyes shall see it—
Gloat o'er its beauty—feel the Wind of Praise
Sweep round the world like an adjuration
Through Centuries of blessed peaceful days.

Not by men's petty scheming, nor their dreaming,
Their nostrums, nor their workings shall it be—
But solely as the Work of THE REDEEMER—
Standing beside The Risen Saints, shall see.
For there shall come a day of bitter wailing—
And Christian men their helplessness confess—
And Christian pride shall cry in its confusion—
In CHRIST alone the world must find redress!

Then shall THE KING go forth in all HIS splendor—
To matchless Victory—CHRIST—and HE alone
Who can smite evil to a fell confounding—
With Right to rule a PRIEST upon HIS Throne.
Then evermore be rent the Devil's fable
That men were sent to conquer in CHRIST'S place—
And by the Gospel bring all tribes and nations
Into a state of Holiness and Grace.

The Devil's lie—that made men proud and Boastful,
Aye, men believed the fable as GOD'S own,
But they at last their impotence confessing
See HIM alone—THE VICTOR ON HIS THRONE.

O Blessed morn that breaks upon a world
Pure as the Lily—fairer than the Rose—
Without a single jar, nor lamentation
To mar the music of GOD'S Great Repose.

The mountain droppeth fatness—and the vale
Laughs with the happy toilings of free men—
The World has not one spot of desolation—
And not a whisper nor a sense of sin.

Humanity enjoys its modes from Labor—
Want is unknown, and sorrow hath no voice,
The Widow, and the Orphan, and the Stranger,
No time for weeping—for all hearts rejoice.
JEHOVAH—JESUS, SITTETH KING FOREVER—
And every Nation brings its special Song—
The Nations that before had slain each other
Clasp hands as Brothers in that Praising throng.

PRELUDE.

THE CRY OF THE WEST TO THE EAST.

This the grim cry that surely yet shall be:
"O East! We of the West, have come to thee—
Throw wide the purple curtains of thy tent
From burning questions give us dull content;
Kill us the fatted calf our fathers spurned—
Their wiser children have at last returned;
Take all our vaunted Glory and grim Powers
And for a little let thy scented couch be ours.
Oh, give us of thy music and its charms!
Oh, put around our necks thy luscious arms!
And make our eyes lascivious with thy kiss—
Oh, let us dream of perfect Happiness—
Our heads upon thy bosom—there to rest
To feel delicious movings of thy breast,
Draw round our eyes the midnight of thy hair
So in its meshes to shut out despair;
And only raise our heads to give us wine
Long kept for many years, a draught divine
Maddening the cooling passions of our veins—
Fling to unbridled Passion unchecked reins—
And teach us secrets that our fathers held
Abominations in the years of eld!
Give us Your Gods and teach our knees to bend
To The Great Mother!—to the human's friend—
Who asks no prayers, nor vigils, not inspired
By Pleasure's throbbings! Long have we desired
A Mother God! who by her gladsome rite
Only makes prayer a revel of Delight—
The Dance an Ecstacy—the song of glee—
The rustling wings of sweetest minstrelsy!

We have forsaken all our ancient Gods!
Long hath the West felt the keen lash of rods
Making life bitter!—Ah! so drear our days
With nasal twanging of a dismal praise
Which now fills soul with loathing of The Thing;

Lo, now the pallid Christ a dethroned King!
No longer with torn feet we follow from afar
The misty Light of Bethlehemitish Star!
Lo, see we trample 'neath our miry feet
The Christ—men tryed to think was very sweet—
His emblems be accursed!

Ah! we have fought
Long bitter years against the growing thought
That Science whispered in our heart and brain,
Making the long years frantic in our pain
Of holding to His teachings—we would fain
Hope against Hope that it was not in vain!
We piled upon His altars all held dear—
Stood in wildest darkness—shivering fear
A costly garment, purchased at such cost
Of Blood and Treasure—now Faith is Lost
And evermore a mockery of Hope!
To cut this Great Hope—was as cutting rope
To which we swung suspended in the air—
Above true footing—and below—Despair!
But now with Science we have held our tryst—
See now, Behold, we trample on The Christ!
And set on fire the stately Houses built
For many Centuries with Blood and Guilt!
Think you it cost us nothing thus to rend
Our thought all from Him—He we deemed our Friend
In Life—in Death—and who would surely light
Our footsteps from the Everlasting night?

But Science whispered—and her voice we heed—
We stand Apostates! Glory in the deed!
And are prepared to follow thee to shrine
Our fathers in far ages deemed Divine—
And were such fools to throw behind their back—
Then facing Westward on that awful track
With every footprint marked by blood and bone—
Sacrifices—Lamentations—and deep moan—
Building their cities where the North winds blew,
And icicles were formed when fell the dew
On their pale flowers—the jagged, barren plains
Which yielded little harvest for their pains;
They hissed at all your Gods and went their way
Amid the forest fastnesses to pray—
At last gave honor to an Outcast Jew!
He, whose own brothers—all despising—slew,
Giving his flesh unto the carrion birds!
Our fathers sang they loved Him in great words,
They sang His praises, and they bent the knee
In childish Hope and wild expectancy—
They laid upon His altars everywhere
Their pleasures, and their riches, till the air
Was murky with sweet incense—and their tears
Would make an ocean in the many years
They crucified their pleasures at His feet!
Bringing all human happiness held sweet—
The laugh of childhood—and wild throb of youth
When to the budding bosom came the truth
Of Nature's keenest madness of Delight—
But such, our fathers crushed and from their sight
They put the taber, lute, and luscious sound—
Which make the living pulses leap and bound
In manhood's brain—they made their women go
In sackcloth clad—with looks of pious woe—
Whenever more the bubble of the heart

Would with wild longing tear the weeds apart
And catch a partner in a wanton grace,
And with wild laughter on seductive face,
Dance to the nod of roses in their glee—
Where singing birds made a glad melody!

But our stern fathers frowned on laughing face,
Banished for ages winsomeness and grace,
Toiling and working with Titanic Power,
From Cradle to the Grave was every hour
Full of fresh Labor—and as heart must seek
For some strange worship if not women's cheek,
Our fathers held the Gold Piece to our eyes
Till it grew luminous—and filled our skies
With its metalic splendor—until men
Grew devilish and cunning such to win!
So Youth, and Manhood, and Old Age went mad
To grasp possessions—greediest those who had
A store above the common—until Christ at last
Grew dim and dimmer (with his suffering past)
Outdistanced by this Gold God—and was past
With sullen sneering—by the men who cast
Their spital on the Christ—They once deemed sweet—
Now in the rushing thunder of their feet
Were swiftest in their madness to get Gold.

So when the Priests saw Manhood growing cold
To churchly duties, they gave bitter cry,
Throwing their arms in antics wild on high,
And sought to win our women by their prayer;
But as our women knew they were most fair
With silk, and lace, and flashing of bright stones,
They hesitated—awed a minute by the moans
Of a crushed Priest—but, ah, the costly lace
Would give such sunshine to a blushing face—

They listened to the wild throb in the breast,
They thought that nature surely knew the best—
And they, like us—the men of iron will—
No longer would keep vigil where the still
And silent Christ would never give a sign
He heard our prayers, nor show He was Divine!
He never once gave answer to our tears—
He kept His mouth shut near two thousand years
And would not give a word to all our moans—
Surely the Syrian rocks had his Bones
And gave not back their keeping on the day
The Priests said—"Angels rolled the stone away!"

We fain would have believed Him—and we cried
To Priest and Heaven—but evermore denied
Of any answer—silent Earth and Sky
Of any Christ to answer to our cry!
Then came our madness—nay! but our relief—
We tore us from our hearts The Christ belief—
The Christ who made the future horrible
With everlasting burnings in His hell!
We dared Him and His Angels to bring forth
His crushing thunders—aye, we made wild sport
Of His grand churches—setting them ablaze!

But will that compensate for all the days
We have neglected pleasure—can we bring
Again the Youth forever taken wing?
The Grave is near us—and Oblivion soon
Will chill the blood and hush the merry tune—
O Let us then a moment e'er we glide
Pale Ghostly shadows on destruction's tide
Feel of the pleasures—you so long have felt,
And at your feet we pour down all our wealth!
Lo! now so Hungry with our dreary fast—

We the Dead Christ to bats and owls have cast—
We come from Christian misery and tears
Weary and very hungry from wan years
Standing in darkness of The Christian's Night!
Lo! we have come to thee for pleasant Light
For feasting and for music—stretch thy hand
And lead us--footsore travelers—to the land
Where Earthly Pleasures blossom to their prime—
And in thy arms forget Christ's bondage time.

THE LADY OF NATIONS.

Lo! the Reeds in the River cry
For the glories that have passed by,
When a City in Golden pride
Flashed its lights on Euphrates' tide.
Lo! the Reeds in the River cry
Where wild Ruins to Ruins sigh—
But they yet shall lift up their head
And all men be astonished!
Tho' the Reeds in the River cry
For the glories that have gone by—
Ah, the Future Glory shall be
Like a wonderful Vision to see!
Ah! the Reeds in the River cry
For their Reaper's hand is anigh—
Lo! THE COMER shall build again
What the praise of all men shall win.

Lo! the Reeds in the River sigh—
And the past like a ghost comes nigh—
Like the fretful shades of a dream—
Vanished Glories all grandly gleam.
Lo, it flashes on God-lit face
Of the early dawn of our Race,
When here by Euphrates' swift tide
Built Nimrod the Tower of his Pride.
Then were men of the Giant mould—
All God-like were they to behold—
Such cunning of hand and of brain—
The earth has not seen such again!
Grand both their conception and skill,

So daring in wish and in will,
Impiously daring in Pride—
Cast all thought of High Heaven aside!
One may in their lineaments trace
A vanishing glory and grace—
Once glory and pride in our race—
When God spoke to man face to face!

Lo, a dream came to Nimrod's brain,
The lust and the wishing to reign—
Impiously daring to sin,
Not man—but as God would he win!
Ah, surely The Tempter had smiled
At the daring wish of his child,
And men in his thrall were once more
When they bowed on knee to adore!
Nimrod loving the lust of his heart
Had caused by the subtle of art
His face on all standards to blaze,
That men may behold it and praise.
And to fetter the heart and enthrall
Made his wife—the Mother of All—
Be worshiped with many a rite,
That blushingly dark made the night!
So trampling the thought of all shame
Set passions of men all aflame
With lewd desire—like a beast,
Unrestrained to wallow and feast!
And scorning the folds of a tent
Great Babel arose in its strength,
Foundations deep laid as in guilt—
Imbued with the blood he had spilt;
No wrong he could do was undone
Till pride of his daring was won—
Before God—was none in degree

So daringly wicked as he!
JEHOVAH, they scorned, came down,
And lo, by HIS withering frown
With confusion of tongues they were rent—
Dispelled from their foolish intent;
When one hailed with kindness his brother,
It seemed they were mocking each other—
Till heart of each brother afraid
Shrank back from the other dismayed!
Such fear was upon them—they went
Like arrows in swiftest flight sent
From place of their pride—they were driven
Scattered abroad unforgiven!

But so sharp were the dragon teeth sown—
Like as seed of the thistle down blown
To the uttermost ends of the Earth—
And 'twas thus came Idolatry's Birth!

* * * * * * * * *

What story is this that the East wind brings?
A stir on the earth—a whirr of wings—
'Twould seem as all men had but one mind—
The way they wrought—the way of the wind!
For, lo, by Euphrates' lordly tide
Stands a stately city—vast and wide—
And under one princely dome is set
The Pagoda, the Cross, and the Minaret!
Had Nimrod's spirit come back again
To rule o'er passions and hate of men?
With more daring will on vaster stage
Act impious works of an earlier age!
The End of the Ages brought a man
Most daring of will and brain to plan,
To grasp an Empire and win a name—
To put all the Empires of Earth to shame!

Lo, He cometh with Panterish tread
To build a home in Grave of the Dead,
How swiftly his clawish hands begin
To build to wonder and praise of men!

And who is He? Say, whence he came?
Tho' Greece may human birth right claim,
Was He alone of mortal birth—
Alone, a very Son of Earth?
No Royal couch his swaddling place,
No Queenly Mother kissed his face,
No ancient line of high degree
Could claim him as a protege.
Perchance a child of love—of shame—
And could he claim a father's name—
"*The vile one*" none may dare to say
The name they called him yesterday.
Yet who was He? Could simple man
Such vast designs and wonders plan?
He found a desert—made a place
The matchless wonder of the Race!
No Princely birth—he simply stood
One of the common Brotherhood!
One of the many millions who
Toiled in the shackles for the few!
Then whence the learning? whence the mind
That seemed no height nor depth confined?
What Gifts divine where on his tongue,
Such songs no other Poet sung!
He came—no armies at his back,
No city feared that he would sack,
No husbandman forsook his field,
No maiden virtue forced to yield,
No vultures—darkness—smoke clad skies—
A terror to the gazer's eyes—

He came from out his humble place
A Blessing to the Human Race!

Never before had the human Race
Worked with such will in an earthly place,
Very Wonder of Wonders to see,
That City blossomed in Majesty!
Lo, toilers building, and not in vain,
Houses sprang up on the empty plain,
Palaces rare in their splendor rose,
Beauty and Art in a grand repose,
Storehouses—dwellings—were multiplied
On either side of Euphrates' tide,
Fair Bridges over its waters ran
The Glory—praise—the wonder of man!
The builders building as men who be
Filled with a builder's ecstacy.
For men were startled at their own powers,
They had not dreamed that a few short hours
Would give to the Earth such city fair,
That none on Earth may with it compare!
Like fabled City it seemed to rise
As a morning mist before their eyes,
A mist that took shape in brick and stone—
That faded not when the bright sun shone!

Lo, the World heard—and believing not
Rushed, that the eyes may behold such spot,
Saw, and believed that a single street
Rang to the tread of a million feet!
A Thing of Wonder o'er all the Earth,
The World rejoiced at Babylon's birth,
Nations rejoiced at so strange a thing—
A Wonder of Human Blossoming!
The World rejoiced with a loud acclaim

As it sprang once more to ancient fame—
Ancient Glory! ah, such words men deem
As empty title—for who could dream
In world of eld—such a place as this—
Compared with Heaven—was it much amiss?

(Heaven! Heaven! what eye has beheld the place?
The thought is a curse to the human race!
This holding of earthly things as vain
In future some misty heaven to gain,—
Prating of Spirit—and spirit rest—
Who hath returned that was such wise blest?
That we can handle, and smell, and see—
The Earth is alone Reality!
What around us but natural things?
No scurrying angels' golden wings—
Come, let the dreaming of Heaven be done—
Living to love 'neath the beautiful sun;
Come, let the dreaming of Heaven be done
Living to laugh in the beautiful sun;
Drink of its wines and rich fleshes taste
Never one moment of Pleasure to waste—
Sound Harpstring—tabert—sweet voices of lute—
Of sounds that are pleasant let not one be mute;
Gay youths and maidens in witcheries dance
Drink to Queen Venus in sighing and glance—
Steep every sense in rapturous pleasure,
Fulfill Desire to its uttermost measure;
Step to the revel with hearts all aflame
Thrilling of Passion and Pleasure to claim!
When eating, drinking, and dancing are o'er
Sweet strains of music lull ears evermore;
Senses all throbbing with rapturous bliss—
Pulsations of Pleasure—the clinging—the kiss—
Pleasure languid sink back on couches of roses,

The spirit still smiling while nature reposes.
Then nature enfeebled by kissing at last
Shall fall asleep smiling at joys that are past:
Sweet sleeping—where waking will come nevermore—
To Ether the spirit returns as before!)

This was a City that knew not night
All men called her: "The City of Light!"
Lo! Science had given electric powers
Magic to conquer the midnight hours,
So where night ended, and day began,
Scarcely was known to the working man;
For light as brilliant as sun at noon
Was free as the air—the light of moon
Dim as a taper to this great blaze
Of Electrical Splendor—the days
Measured no longer by set, nor rise
Of sun, nor moon, in the burning skies,
Builders and Workers at night then wrought
Without giving the change a single thought,
Builders but knowing of changing time
When Labor Bells rang their silvery chime—
Working men banded in great relays,
Toiled on unceasingly nights and days
Building Palace, and Store House, and Hall.

Light, Beautiful Light, was flashed to all
Palace and Hovel—the poorest place
Shone in a splendor of perfect grace,
All on equality surely here—
Light without measure, as free as air!
Harnessed, this glorious light to provide
The rush and sweep of Euphrates' tide—
Surely the toiler must pleasure feel
When Public Taxed for the poor man's weal.

On either side of the lordly tide,
Gay houses stood in palatial pride,
Barbaric splendor, and artist hand,
Made them the wonder of every land.
One held his breath as he entered in—
Splendor—the fancy and eye to win,
Where e'er one turned a wondering face
He reveled in Beauty, Art and Grace;
Such Gardens luxuriant in every sense,
Where one may stray in a glad suspense
Of what fresh glory may catch the eye
Of this green heaven of cloudless sky;
A world of flowers the feet to bless,
Flowers of surpassing loveliness,
And the rarest trees of the tropic span
Budded and blushed to gaze of man;
Water leaped up in the brilliant light
From lips of a Pan, and Aphrodite—
Wrought by the cunning in bronze and stone—
Such marvels would grace e'en Jove's own throne.

The Public Gardens were more than fair—
A costly splendor was everywhere—
Beauty thrown down with a fine disdain
As the giver had held a princedom vain.
Flowers—such Flowers! until the eyes
Cared not to look to far Paradise,
This—a heaven surpassingly grand—
With flowers and fruit for the plucker's hand.
Lo, every hour of the day and night
Those gardens were filled with life and light,
The dance went on to the string and lute,
The rarest music was never mute,
The cunning artist from every land
Choice in their singing, and deft of hand,

Flocked to this city—for welcome here,
The godliest gifts for musician rare.
For out of the Public purse there roll'd
A generous stream of yellow gold,
And thus most magical gifts were won
For Rich and for Poor of Babylon.
From glaring sun was the palm tree shade
Where Loves may wander of naught afraid—
Flowers at their feet—and ripe fruit around—
The ears enraptured with rarest sound—
Murmuring waters and sylvan shade—
Arbor of flowers for the youth and maid—
Rarest of mosses for slumbers light
When they had kissed to the Aphrodite.

Richest City beneath the sun—
Not a hungry soul in Babylon,
For he whose hand could not win him bread
Was out of the Public largess fed.
Work—there was plenty of work to do—
Why the million fingers were far too few
So much to be done—so short the day—
Mechanics held undisputed sway.
So many eager to shape and build—
So many anxious to paint and guild—
The cost not counted as wont of old—
The poor man laughed at this rush of gold
The old time cunning entirely lost—
There was no pausing to count the cost,
Each one intent of his own fell way
With never thought of reckoning day;
Plenty of gold for the wildest schemes—
Plenty of gold for utopian dreams—
Lenders more anxious than e'er before
There seemed no end to the golden store!

None of your baser metals—pure gold
In rivulets ran—in broad streams roll'd—
Where Babylon's jeweled chalice may be—
A turbulent, shimmering, yellow sea.
Success it smiled upon every one
Happy the dweller in Babylon
Plenty and Pleasure wed hand with hand
Made it the wonder of every land.

O Lady of Nations! Greed of gain
Is bringing thy children back again,
They feel in their breasts the magic power—
And come to suck at thy golden flower!
They come as hordes of the locusts come—
The world resounds with thy busy hum
Of driving wheels—for the master hand
Has electric needles in every land!
O wondrous Light of a wondrous land!
What harvests wave for the reaper's hand!
For little sowing such luscious crop
What gold from the lily fingers drop!
Lo, see mid the purple folds on high
His golden "Ephah" enchants the eye—
For this shall the sign of his glory be
O'er every land to the uttermost sea!

Lo, now to the sleepy Arab's eyes
Loom funneled ships of gigantic size,
And lo, on the quay the craftsman's hand
Piles up the treasures of distant land.
Ah, one may read on the sacred page
The richest gathered in this last age.
Fulfil'd to the letter in everything
That the trading heart of the Nation's bring.
Here where the tides of the nations meet

Strange faces are seen on every street,
They meet as never they've met before,
Like chips wave washed from every shore.
The Dream of Earth's Dreamers now is true—
Here mingle nations of every hue—
Commerce hath won where Religion fail'd—
The Love of Wealth has o'er all prevailed!
For here as one common brotherhood,
Where each man may trade for his own good,
Where each may worship as he may will
In heart of hearts—but the tongue be still—
Never should fall on the listening ear
Religious word that one would not hear,
For none may in hatred here dispute
Of that Unknowable Thing—The Truth!

To Commerce they built a splendid place
Of Grand design—of a matchless grace—
A very wonder of art to see
Fantastic—Massive—Reality!
An Ideal Place where all may bring—
Each of his art an offering
Displaying what brain had power to plan
The Wonder—Glory, and Praise of Man!
An Ideal place where each may bring
Of his grateful heart an offering,
Whatever the craftsman's hands had wrought
Was now displayed as a crowning thought.

Splendor Barbaric—a Golden shrine
That poetic license may call divine,
Man worshiping man in songs of praise
For Glories that man alone could raise!
An Ideal Place where all may come
To sound of the trumpet, fife and drum,

With all dulcet sounds of art and voice,
Where gladden'd hearts may so well rejoice.
They made an Image of wondrous Grace
To be the Queen of this Golden Place—
Goddess of all—a wonder of art
Charming the eye, enchanting the heart,
A woman's face—where the jewels rare
Flashed, as a golden sun was there!
A poetic Thought—a sweet pretense—
They worshiped her not in any sense—
They held as a link this golden shrine—
The Human wedded to the Divine!
An object lesson to human eyes—
Like a maiden pure—a glad surprise
That ever the hand of man could bring
Such beauty fair to his fashioning!
Exquisite Image that seemed to be
A Living, breathing reality!
Ah, surely the praise that such could win
Should not be held as a thought of sin!
When Mariner came from o'er the sea
Here with thankful heart he bent the knee,

The Husbandman with his sheaves of wheat
And purple grapes to lay at her feet,
The trader came who had won great gain,
(A King may not hold such offerings vain)
The best designs of the wondrous loom,
Rare, costly spices of rich perfume,
None came but with offerings bent the knee—
For her sweet name was Prosperity!
Ah, these subtle Greeks were wondrous wise
When they pictured passions to the eyes,
For only Embodiment of Thought
Were the wondrous works their fingers wrought.

So one by one where the Greek Gods brought
Arrayed in the dress of modern thought,
Till filled were the Halls of the pantheon—
You counted the Gods and missed not one!

How can Finite grasp the Infinite?
Invisible flash to human sight?
But Image each Passion of the Soul
Then the mind can grasp a wondrous whole!
So e'er men knew it this Aphrodite
Leaped up an image of Life and Light;
Garlanded with flowers the nude maids came
All lost to the thought or sense of shame,
A Poetic Thought that some deplore
When nude girls dance on the marble floor,
And behind where the shimmering curtains be
Are the gilded Halls of Debauchery!

Now Commerce stood supreme indeed
O'er every sect, or cult, or creed,
Sacred the right it deemed its own—
Triumphantly it stood alone
O'er all rights Human or Divine!
Humanity did here resign
Its wealth—its power—its everything—
Commerce the Universal King!
All recognized its one great aim
Was not for Glory, nor for Fame,
Was not for Empire, nor for Blood,
But solely for the Common Good!
Utility the aim, the Trend,
All worked for this one Glorious End—
The one sole object in its mind
The betterment of Human Kind,
To make the good things of the earth

The Common Blessings—so that mirth
At every human heart would sing—
And banish want and suffering.

Therefore to bless all human needs
The elements of Jarring Creeds
Unlawful in this City grand
In fact o'er all Chaldee's land
All churches banished—so that man
May carry out the new born plan—
That Human Brotherhood may be
Religion of Humanity!
Too long had jarring creeds destroyed—
Too long had jarring creeds made void
The Blessed Gospel of Men's Rights—
For centuries the doleful sights
Of murder, rapine, plunder, strife,
Had crushed the Universal Life,
Making men Bigots, Slaves, and Fools
Of Priests and Priestcraft—various schools
And each more savage in its cult
To blast, and blight, and to insult
The Human—till its back was sore
With cruel burdens that it bore.
It was the Churches' cruel aim
To put humanity to shame,
Make men decrepit in their aims,
Filling the world with faggot flames
If some strong soul gave forth a cry,
Or made protest—the cruel eye
Laughed at grim tortures made for those
Who would not slaves in Church repose,
But dared to lift proud free men's hands
'Gainst the corruptions in all lands.
Tortures that only fiendish brains,

Or Christ's—could shape to hold in chains
The Human soul in bands and bounds
To masses, crosses—empty sounds
Of Hell and Heaven—and such vain things
That aided Czars, and Priests, and Kings,
To press the Human 'neath the heel,
Aided by powder, ball and steel,
Surely indeed if such Christ's friends,
And if he blessed their fatal ends,
'Twere time the Human spat at him—
In fancy tear him limb from limb!
Trample his sign beneath their feet,
And fain again would they complete
His former crucifying—dare
His boasted Godhead—ask to share
The curse that fell upon the head
Of Israel when his blood was shed!
Yes, with the Roman soldiers rail—
With scorpion rods his back assail—
With spitting—laughter would they hail—
Scourge him until a bloody trail
Would mark each footstep—drive the nail
Unto his quivering flesh—and say:
"Humanity is free today!"

And so with daring and fell pride
This Prince cast the Divine aside,
And preaching of a loftier hope
A wider field—unbounded scope—
For human purposes and aims—
To broaden knowledge—wider claims
To give Humanity its chance—
To cast aside the spear and lance
The gatling gun—repeating rifle—
All the cursed emblems born of strife

Banished from land where peace should be
The watchword of Humanity!
The Common Good, and that alone,
From Pauper's hut to Prince's throne
The cry of every heart—then man
Would shape the true redemptive plan,
Lifting Humanity to heights
Not dreamed by Poets' loftiest flights
Of rhapsody—till man was made
A Godlike thing, and not afraid
Of Hell nor Heaven—but stood complete
A very God on his own feet!
For not a holier thing may be
More Godlike—than Humanity!

The Chamber of Commerce—A stately pile
Where Bronzes and Marbles in sculpture smile—
Carvings magnificent—with pictures rare—
A lavish expenditure everywhere.
In the large saloon where the Traders met
Once seen by eye—one could never forget—
But not its gorgeously sculptured art
That held the eye, and enchained the heart;
To one who stood in high gallery
And downward looked on the shouting sea—
'Twas the noise, the rush on that vast floor—
Rang the Bear's harsh cry—and Bull's mad roar—
Where Brokers in very babal stand—
Where fortunes changed by uplifted hand—
A lifted finger—A nodded head—
In acceptance oft not one word said—
Closed a quick trade of volume vast
A fortune staked—in a maelstrom cast
At mercy of cliques—and corners made
By Ishmalites of Commercial Trade.

This room was the centre of all Earth's trade—
Here were the value of all things made—
Here set the price upon everything
Owned by a pauper, or held by a King—
Here was the throbbing Commercial heart,
The rounded world to uttermost part
Felt the pulsation of fall and rise,
Its quotations watched by all traders' eyes—
Wherever they stood they counted cost
How Babylons' market held or lost.
On every purchase the trade was done
At price such would sell in Babylon.
So the City on the Euphrates' tide
Again held a power that was world wide
Till hardly a creature on the earth
But here was centered its woe or mirth—
For every toiler of grim, brown hand,
Tho' across the sea in distant land,
Soon found that wages made low or high—
By click of a wire—in vain the cry
Of praise or anger—'twas all the same—
Till they came to fear that awful name—
Her prince was their prince—whose wavy hands
Made famine or plenty o'er all the lands.
Clicking of cables that sent, and brought,
The changing mood of the Trader's thought—
The buying of this—selling of that—
As stocks climbed up—or were falling flat—
Changeful as fever's mad pulses throb—
The wild "Hurrah!"—the surprised wild sob—
As changing figures upon the wall
Hissed to a man: *"You have lost your all!"*

And standing here in high gallery—
Indeed 'twas a strange weird sight to see,

For not a nation beneath the sun
But here could behold a trading Son!
The quickest, keenest, the sharpest brains—
Like wild beasts gathered for spoils and gains—
Each man for himself an Ishmalite—
Tho' oft times in cliques they formed to fight
The common herd—and yet not a man
Whenever he could but dared to plan
And sell out the rest—or the clique betray
Though his brain conceived it yesterday—
For each had a price—and he who payed
Oft bought—but to find himself betrayed!
Some men cool and calm, with face like flint,
But hungry at heart, and fell intent
To entrap the weak and sluggish brain,
To lie, defraud—for getting of grain!
Scarce one believed what the other said
Of stocks or bonds, for the bolder led
The weaker to ruin—"*'Twas fair and square*
Trading was trading—one came not there
Unless he had nerve to give and take
The stab and the thrust for trading sake
For who so foolish as to believe
Tale of a trader—made to deceive"—
For cruel, venomous, grasping Greed
Spawned for herself such a cunning breed
Of devilish spider webs aweaving—
For human loss and fell deceiving;
Men without honor of any kind
Whose fairest words were but said to blind
The foolish trusters.

The common crowd
At such grand success but gasped and bowed—
Hailing such as Leaders—and aped their ways—

Laughed at their cunning, and sang their praise—
Looked on their lying as wondrous wise
If it but netted a golden prize!
Honored them, hailed them—and made them great
At home—abroad—The Pillars of State!
Acknowledged lying belonged to trade
And brain who the "slickest trick" displayed
"To gull his brothers" was great indeed—
The Public to wish and word gave heed—
For such men outside of the Board of Trade
The loftiest, noblest traits displayed—
For public welfare an open purse—
Such free indeed from the rabble's curse—
Hailed by the mob—A Liberal man
So quick to aid in each generous plan
For public pleasure—for public weal!
And what if such man did lie and steal
On the Board of Trade—it was only right
When he had both Bulls and Bears to fight—
Men who were just as savage as he
Should not complain of ferocity.

So debauched by gain was the human mind
Till 'twas hard on the circling earth to find
A protesting voice—e'en the Church gave in—
"That to gamble on Board of Trade no sin!"
The Church spread wide lap, and held out her hand,
She begged, and she whined, she would fain command
Greediest trader to give up his gain—
Blessing and Praising her Lord, Trader's brain
Was cunning to plan and bring her such gold—
So CHRIST love in the Christian Church waxed cold!
For the Boys and the Young Men saw forsooth
'Twas of little worth to tell of the truth!
The getting of Gold be the one sole aim—

The getting no matter the how it came—
For the poor despised in this Church of God
While the rich could rule with an iron rod.

So debauched the manhood of every land
Till 'twas hard to find of an honest hand—
The labor of hand despised, now the mind
Must some quicker way to a fortune find—
Until not a Church in the wide, wide Earth
But drank deep of Babylon's joy and mirth—
Greedily drank from her chalice of gain
That poisoned the heart—and maddened the brain—
Churches wallowing—glorying in their shame—
Till Judas Iscariots they all became
More reckless, daring, blasphemingly bold—
And sold CHRIST again for Babylon's gold.

* * * *

For men had lost all faith in God,
They laughed at His chastising rod—
A Heaven—a hell—were but vain thought
By which the crafty Schoolmen sought
To bind men's minds to bigot views,
And fashion them as they may choose.

College and University
Strove with each other as to see
Who would be first in the mad pace
To curse, and blast the human Race!
And the Professor who could be
The baldest in his blasphemy
Had won indeed the laurel bays
The public press all quick to praise!
So scholars strove to pick new flaws
In Prophet's strain—Mosaic laws—
'Till every sentence criticised

With hostile, almost hateful eyes,
And hardly passage but had been
The butt of some Professor's spleen,
And no recorded incident
But some audacious scholar spent
His learning on it—to make void—
And true significance destroyed!

"*We Worship Truth!*" Their constant cry,
But Truth had centered to their eye
What they would have the Truth to be,
Till Truth became a medley
Without beginning—without end—
As Devils only comprehend,
They put their leprous hand of hate
On every page to desecrate,
To purge from passage, and from line,
The trace of any thought Divine.
In fact Professors dared to be
By "Verifying Faculty"
As much inspired as men God chose
Of Eld—His message to disclose.
By inference 'twas plain to see
Their Heart's desire had dared to be
Like as to Christ—if not more wise!
Self luminous in their own eyes;
For grown inflated by their pride
Cast all restraint of God aside,
And deemed *some* Godhead had inspired
The Blasphemy their hearts desired.
Ah 'tis a task impossible
For human tongue in years to tell
The vile things that they did relate—
Professor did not hesitate
To brand whole pages, wilful lies!

Till it became to students' eyes
A book bereft of any Truth,
A book of countless lies in sooth
Framed to deceive in every line—
How foolish to call such Divine!
College and University
Fruits of such teaching soon could see—
They sent a spawn of preachers forth
Who with Clown's grace made ready sport
Of sacred things to make men smile—
Ah, it was but a little while
When people knew such could not bring
A message from Eternal King!
For common men were quick to see
Their words were hollow blasphemy,
Man looked on all they said as lies,
And so God's Book to common eyes
Lost all its sacredness—and men
Forgot the awfulness of Sin—
For none with an authority
Could say of what a sin may be!
"A lie's A lie!" no matter where,
And what man can in truth declare
That God would countenance a lie?
If Preachers said, that God on High
Gave such a book—men were not fools
To train in such Germanic schools—
If error on the Sacred page—
If but men spoke in early age
Simply, Reformers of the Race,
And Prophecy had there no place,
Who made it Sacred and Divine?
And who may dare to draw the line
'Twixt truth and error—shall men be
Slaves to the schoolmen's subtility?

And this the ending, that men grew
Hard in their wickedness—withdrew
From any Christian teaching—till
Prince Satan had his daring will
To lead the blind mad souls astray
Who cast the Book of Truth away.
Men Grouped in blindness to The Night,
They looked to Satan for new light,
For when to Christ men ceased to pray
Prince Satan found them easy prey.
And soon upon men's souls there fell
The strong Delusion, spawned of hell,
Men's minds were darkened—men became
But things of loathing and of shame,
As Flames of Hate, Death could not quench,
And to Christ's nostrils but a stench.

Now could the higher Critics see
The fruit borne by their Upas Tree
That shadowing every Holy thing
rought Death in is incircling!

* * *

Babylon's Prince held magician's wand—
His great gifts gave with no niggard hand—
And every morning a new surprise
Made glad his adoring subjects' eyes.
The Glories of Rome, behold, once more!
With splendor that mocked the days of yore—
Such Glories as all the Cæsars made
Sprang to his hand in a short decade!
Bronzes and Marbles—Founts and Flowers—
Parks with Grottoes and Mazzy Bowers—
Baths of Marble with spices and myrrh—
Lo, a splendid Amphitheater!
Flashed Colosseum so fair to see

With walls and columns of porphyry—
Where populace came as well as court—
Lo, free to all was the royal sport!
In vast arena the naked men
Strove bravely the old Greek games to win;
The glittering chariots flashed and sped—
Lo, the Gladiators fought and bled!
The criminals vile, condemned to death,
On the soft white sand in combat met,
And he the last victor in the strife
Had won to himself new lease of life.
Lo, Criminals here had chance to win
The boon of life in a wild beast den—
How the brutal gazers laughed to see
The wild beasts holding high revelry!

Now never a lustful thought of man
Is here restrained by a law or ban—
Ah, Sodom may stand appall'd to see
Infamous depths of Debauchery!
Lo, all day long is the strife for greed
Cheating each other as who would lead,
And through all night long the eyes may see
The City blaze with high revelry!

Thrice accursed Gold! thy lamp of flame
Has put of the noblest hearts to shame—
No matter how won—the holder's hand
Is courted and flattered in every land!
Lo, Thou hast grown in these latter days
A God to worship, that all men praise,
And men are as beasts to grasp at thee,
Deeming Thee source of Felicity!

The Golden City of Babylon
Has more than her mead of Riches won,

Alluring moths to her fatal blaze—
She to all men the desire and praise.
Like serpent fold is the grasping Soul,
Binding each thought in fell control,
And Naboth's vineyard and nothing less
Is central spot of all happiness!
The pulses beat in a feverish way,
Fortunes are made in a single day,
Guess on the Future—tomorrow's sun
Will flash on Palace that guess had won!
A Pauper, an hour or two before
He swept the dust from the princely door,
He risked his wages—at eventide
As master to him were the doors thrown wide.
Aye, men were staggered at such swift things—
With paupers one hour—the next with Kings—
It sent swift shafts unto every brain,
Old maxims treated with proud disdain,
The slow and the sure were thrust aside—
Lo, barebacked with Chance all wished to ride!
A turn of the wheel—and lo, there came
Wealth—that put wealth of Great Kings to shame!
Ah, here was the Golden mile stone set,
Here the converging of highways met,
Earth's highways thronged with the rushing feet,
And all in her fatal circle meet.
And His, aye his, was the princely brain
Who planted seed for such golden grain,
He watered the plants whose leaves would be
A healing for Poor Humanity.
This hub of a wheel whose shafts ran out
To icy North—to the palm clad South—
To East—to West—Lo, the Race poured in
To share her Gold, her folly, her sin!

Came the rich, the poor, the young, the old,
To sell their labor—increase their Gold—
Owned it by Peasant—or held it by King,
Lo, here was a mart for everything!
Alas, alas, the young maidens came
To barter their charms—all dead to shame—
Cherry red lips and lustrous eye—
Who bids the highest?—whose gold will buy?
Alas, what is honor or virtue when
A Bastard honored the first of men!
Honor and Virtue—what myths are they
Darkening the light of the latter day!

* * * * *

When some of Israel came to stand
Once more upon their ancient land,
They feared they may become the prey
Of restless tribes that 'round them lay.
Could they but win some powerful arm
To hold their riches from all harm,
Lo, every heart turned to this One—
The Peaceful Prince of Babylon.
A man whom all the earth revered,
Surely most daring King had fear'd
To hold as foe whom he called friend—
In him their wanderings would end.
So Israel's Elders came to make
A covenant for safety sake,
And he such allies rich to win,
Only too glad to enter in
For seven years The Covenant.
Then Home with joy The Elders went;
Surely all wanderings would cease!
Their sworn Friend—the Prince of Peace!
A great awakening filled the race
And from afar men turned their face

To seek the ancient Home again,
And find a solace from all pain.
Such ample wealth—such cunning brain—
Their land cut East and West in twain,
The gateway for the World's vast trade,
Toll Gate where Nations tribute paid.
Lo, Babylon's most wealthy men
Were surely of their kith and kin,
On whom the Prince could well rely
For aid in prospects vast and high.

Now Palestine no more a place
Of jest book for the Gentile Race,
The land a fruitful garden smiled,
With cities on fair summits piled;
In all the world where was the Race
That held such wealth in such small place?
The Gentile Nations with surprise
Turned to this spot their wondering eyes,
Wonder of Wonders to behold,
For who may count the flood of gold
To builders' hand—to raise once more
A Temple—such ne'er seen before!
And who may tell of that high day
When builder's hand had ceased to play,
And the wide world in praises ring
As High Priest came with offering.

Two thousand years had rolled away
Since last, on the Atonement day,
Before the brazen altar stood
The Great High Priest to sprinkle blood!
Two thousand years! what memories rise
With baleful light before their eyes—
The world had seen them—to despise,

Mocked their death agony and cries!
Had trampled them with mail clad feet
More vile than clay—for dunghill meet!
Spit on, and lashed, and desolate,
Hated to death—yet spite of hate—
They stood at last 'round Zion's hill.
Jew—in the name and nature still!

One surely the most honored guest—
They brought the Godliest and the best
To Honor Him! and in their words
His name was coupled with The Lord's!
The Peaceful Prince of Babylon
Had more than earthly glory won;
And the oblation that they gave
Was not as equal—but as slave;
No nation with such offering
Before had honored any King!
Their orators with cunning phrase
Mingled with Blasphemy their praise!

Lo, was it this awoke within
His breast a brilliant thought of sin—
The Tempter found an instrument
To carry out a fell intent.
For, scarce had fled rejoicing day
When his feet trod the bloody way,
To gain that dizzy height alone—
To sit on Cæsar's vacant Throne!
He found pretext for instant war—
Lo, willing hands came from afar—
Crowned Him with victory most complete
Egypt and Syria at his feet!
And then his heart with haughty pride
Cast foul and fair pretext aside;

No longer Prince of Peace he stood—
But splashed with foe and friendly blood!
Who dare oppose his sovereign will—
His sword was swift to smite and kill;
His words were sweet—but held as light
As thistle-down in his own sight;
His promises none dare believe,
His words of friendship none receive;
They were but given as baits to bring
His victims to this wily King!
The World arose and hailed him great—
Ambassadors around him wait—
And Europe swift her gifts to bring
To this Imperial Conquering King!

But here's not ours to chronicle
How nations who opposed him fell—
When Egypt, Syria, Greece was won,
He homeward turned to Babylon!

* * * * * *

One day to Babylon's market Place
Came Beautiful Youth with ruddy face,
Proclaimed his mission with wondrous sign—
His words were as draughts of fiery wine.
Whence came The Thought?—at first confined
Alone to the fiery zealot's mind
A darling wish that the heart conceived—
Had wished—had loved—and at last believed.
As draughts of wine to the listening brain
They heard not the soft, sweet words in vain,
As leaves are Shivered on summer tree
He stirred the hearts of the human sea!
This was the message The Prophet brought:
How could the brain that such wonder wrought
In Art, in War—be simply a man.

Could human brain all this Glory plan?
Nay, nay, how plainly the eye must see
Their Prince—not man—but, Deity!
No man could do what his hand had done—
If there were Gods—He indeed the Son!
Come let them then sacrifice and see
If he were man—or The Deity!
Prepare the altar, and oxen bring,
Themselves to prepare the offering.
Lo, at the mention of This God's name,
He would bring from heaven the licking flame
To burn huge oxen, and surely show
A God was living with men below!
Yea, their own hand should prepare the rite
Open and plain before human sight;
Scientists watch that no fraud may bring
A hidden fire to the offering!

Hark! what is this on Babylon's ear,
Rising swiftly, distinct and clear,
In Palace and Hovel—from every side—
A thousand voices have multiplied?
Who are the Criers? Aye, Christians all,
Not lingering long where their feet may fall,
Hurrying on as swift runners go
Who bring a terrible message of woe:

"Woe to the one who in him believes!
Woe to the soul who his mark receives!
Anguish and sorrow shall surely be
His Portion on Earth—in Eternity!"

Men shrugged their shoulders when first it fell;
"A fanatic craze—a bagatelle!"
A cry for sneering, and laugh, and jest—

The day past by and there was no rest!
For through all night long the Criers' feet
Sounded in crowded and silent street—
Startled men up from the needed sleep—
Shrill in the Hall where wild revels sweep—
Till men grew savage as death to hear;
Lo, public clamor rose sharp and clear,
Then shrieked the women and frenzied men:
"*To the Guillotine! To the Lion's den!*"
Lo, e'er the rising of morning sun
Not an ear but heard it in Babylon—
Old age, and manhood, and children young,
This message of woe from many a tongue!
In home all squalid, in stately hall,
(Where never the sound of woe may fall),
In Halls of Commerce—in counting rooms—
In Halls of Revels—in place of tombs—
It startled the merchant in his sharp trade—
It made the thief in his act afraid—
The singer's song in his throat had died—
The Courtesan dashed her price aside—
The Priest at the altar trembling shook—
The Reader looked up from enthralling book—
Beauty shrank back from reflecting glass—
Men shrank from the criers and let them pass!
Down at the Quay—where the great ships lay—
White wings coming and going away—
When men of all nations come and go,
The Criers came with the Cry of Woe!
Each man looked up, for in mother tongue
On each man's ear the fell words rung;
The Criers were many, and not one race
But saw of his own in some Crier's face!

Woe to the one who in him believes!
Woe to the soul who his mark receives;
Anguish and sorrow shall surely be
His portion on Earth—in Eternity!

That day the arena sands were red—
The wild beasts on flesh of Criers fed—
Till gorged with blood down to slumber lay
Where Remnant of Criers huddled to pray!
No Criers that night in Babylon—
Her ghastly deed had a silence won!
But she was ablaze with high revelry—
Won her highest mark in Debauchery!
A fever pulse was in every brain—
Unbridled Passions unchecked by rein—
More like beasts and devils than human men.
In open, lascivious, debasing sin—
And women—Sweet Pity—ah, women fair,
Disrobed of all womanly thought were there!

Lo, of a sudden a change was wrought
In Atheist's sneer—and scoffer's thought.
'Twould seem as a hiding veil were rent
Displaying Kingdom of vast extent—
Signs unmistakable everywhere
Of Beings crowding the upper air —
More swift than the wind—a myriad band—
Locust Host o'er that beautiful land.
They darkened not the beautiful light,
They hovered not mist like before the sight,
But all men knew they were surely there
Making the earth and the air their lair.
Men felt in this strange eventful hour
As at their side stood an outer power
Pleading so tenderly: *"Let me in*
And thou by me shall all blessings win."

Men willing a new power to obtain,
Winning o'er others some earthly gain,
Paused not to question if this were sin
But let the unclothed creatures in!
Men shuddered first when this unclad thing
Entered their flesh for a covering,
But the piping voice so full of cheer
Soon gave them pleasure and banished fear;
Men's powers were quicken'd—their senses grew
To a keener point—somehow they knew
Of things they had never known before
Of worldly knowledge, and mystic lore;
Their minds grew passive to this fell Guest
Who inspired the thoughts within their breast,
And ofttimes their hands stretched out to do
Some act that their inborn sense would rue.
Men's minds grew passive—without intent
The body became an instrument
To act the abider's wish and need—
To blindly follow where it may lead!
It seemed on a higher plane to lift
That men rejoiced at this new found gift—
Men's powers were quickened to comprehend
And point their acts to a quicker end—
They bent men's souls to a narrow ring
Making more selfish in everything—
Giving the passions a fuller sway—
Making more reckless each passing day—
The glory of self—the selfish end—
Betraying if needs the dearest friend—
The baser passions had stronger flame
In gratification knew no shame.
Defiant of Law—a reckless thought
That never a higher motive sought
Than fleshly pleasure—and that more base

Than known before to the human race!
Honesty! Truth!—they were myths indeed
Of which human souls had no way need,
And yet a pleasant face and a smile
Clothed the heart that was full of guile.

Tho' on other subjects differing
All these Guests agreed on one fell thing—
And in this, their highest joy was won,
The praise of the God of Babylon!

The Prophet's words fell on fruitful place
Tho' varied indeed the tribe and race
That heard of his message—one and all
Ready to Hail! and worshiping fall.
And this fell union did only bind
The many millions—where may one mind

In any city beneath the sun
Rule every mind as in Babylon;
So the Prophet's words were quick to win—
The thought was pleasant, it suited men
To have a God who would pleasure give—
Living Himself as they would live.

Lo, an old vision comes back again—
An image stands upon Dura's plain!
Around it flowing a living sea
Of watching, waiting humanity.
Famed Scientists there to watch and tell
If this would indeed be miracle,
Men who for knowledge all men applaud,
Keen to scrutinize trick and fraud.
An altar is garnished—the oxen stand
Ready for Death at the Priestly hand—

Waiting are all for the Prophet's sign
To prove their Prince was indeed Divine!
The sign is given—the oxen bled—
The altar with warm flesh is fed—
Men are all silent with bated breath—
Standing as Images carved in Death.
Lo, there the Prophet all grandly stands,
Lifts to the Image his outstretched hands,
Prays to the Image to give a sign
To waiting world of a Prince Divine!

Lo! of a sudden on altar came
Tongues of living and forked flame!
Its pathway from heaven each eye could trace
Devouring the flesh on the altar place!
Full in sight of the watching crowd—
Who in prayer and adoration bowed!
Their Prince was God!—now none dare dispute—
Clear to each eye was the living truth—
No longer as Prince—but as God his sway—
Before his image they knelt to pray!

Now were his images multiplied
Of Gold and Silver—on every side,
Odorous Incense the worshipers bring—
His praises white robed acolytes sing.
Hands of Engravers were cunning to trace
On rings and diamonds his glory of face.
Pins, amulets, charms in tribute were laid—
On breasts, in ears, on the fingers display'd.

Homeward again came The God of their praise—
To give him welcome all hearts were ablaze!
Lavish and costly the gifts men brought
To Glorify—honor the only thought!

Sculptors and Artists of world wide fame
Here as coworkers all gladly came,
Worked with a cunning and gladness of heart—
Made him an arch of most marvelous art,
Arch of all arches—his story portray'd—
Pure gold with diamonds and jewels inlaid—
The flood of its glory a brilliancy won
Sparkling and rivaling the light of the sun.
Ah, 'twas a gladsome and glorious day
Business was banished—pleasure held sway—
The Prince, the beggar—all went to see—
To greet with praises their Deity!
And not a dwelling however poor
But had his image above the door,
And shrine where tapers and incense burned;
In streets, high altars, where e'er one turned;
Festoons of drapery everywhere—
Lo, silken flags to gladden the air—
With cannons booming—with music gay—
With millions lining the coming way.

Lo, every Nation under the sun
Ambassadors sent to Babylon,
To show their respects, and presents bring,
To honor the Babylonish King!

The Prophet went with a priestly throng
To welcome him home with praise and song.
Trumpets blowing—and cymbals clashing—
White robes radiant with diamonds flashing—
To meet him outside the city gate,
Where altars were raised in grandly state—
Where oxen, white as the driven snow,
Flower decked were waiting the priestly blow.
Lo, in the distance with martial tread—

A thousand banners above the head—
His mail clad host with glad music came—
Chanting glad songs of his glorious fame!
Grand Trophies bringing of glorious war—
Chained men and women of lands afar—
Kings captive bound as in olden days
Adding their tribute to martial praise!

Lo, when he came where the altars stood
A thousand knives drank the oxen's blood,
Lo, altars piled where the wild fires rise
To their God—a fitting Sacrifice!
The Prophet hailed him as Lord and God!
Down in the dust where their feet had trod
Bent every face—till he stood alone—
Their Lord and God on resplendent throne!
Worshiped him there as their God divine,
With many a rite and wondrous sign.

Onward, the populace still to greet—
Triumphant rode through the festooned street—
Troops of fair maidens his praises sing,
Their hair as their only covering,
Fair naked women that knew no shame
Rose strewing the way where his horses came!
Where e'er he came the adoring crowd
Fell on their faces praying aloud;
Behind him thronging with loud acclaim
Priests and multitudes singing his Fame!
'Mid salvos of cannon and rockets blaze—
'Mid thunderous shouting of human praise—
In the Palace of gold and porphyry trod—
Proud Babylon's King as Babylon's God!

Now openly to human ears,
A Doctrine that for many years

Lay in his heart he did profess—
Prince Satan's power he did confess
With wondrous oratory—he told
Of secret things—and waxen bold:
Proclaimed Jehovah was man's foe
That every blessing here below
Came from Prince Satan.
Once, alone,
Stood Satan at Jehovah's throne
And told him to his cruel face
He should not crush the human race!
In the beginning of all time
Jehovah by his daring crime
Usurped o'er all a despot's sway—
For in the olden, golden day
The Gods were many—they were kind—
And only had it in their mind
To bless Humanity—till he,
Vindictive Jah, conspired to be
The Lord of all and fain would bend
All of the Gods to his fell trend!
But Satan, loving justice, rose
This cruel monster to oppose,
And fought him single handed there
With grim defiance—aye, despair—
For all were with Jah—treachery
Alas! had won the victory!
Satan from heights of Heaven was thrown
An outcast God—and all alone.
But soon angelic Hosts, dismayed
At the vile wrath that Jah displayed
In all his rulings, took affright—
Some bowed all servile—some took flight
To own the one they knew was right—
Prince Satan! Harbinger of Light.

For ages rolled the battle—man,
The prize that either wished. Jah's plan,
To rule by fear, and sent a Son
Upon the earth to tell the race
That Earth, a miserable place,
False and deceiving to the eyes,
And verily in upper skies
Where happiness alone could be
To sinful, lost Humanity!
That Human pleasure but a snare—
That Woman's breasts, and eyes, and hair,
Were lustful pitfalls—where the feet
Would surely swift destruction meet,
Who wished for such had no escape,
That Hell was standing wide agape
Where everlasting fires would burn
And they as wretched worms would turn!
All human passions, lust and filth,
To such enjoy a heinous guilt,
That love for Human kind was base
That better far the human race
Should crush desire, the will, the mind,
And in hope of far Heaven to find
A perfect Happiness.

The Jews
His ghastly doctrine did refuse—
For he would fill the world with woe—
Make charnal house of all below—
And so thought best to end a life
That would engender Hate and Strife!
The Jews were wise—and justice laid
Its hands on him—cried undismayed:
"His Blood Be On Us!"

Righteousness
To slay such one and nothing less!
A Holy action none denied—
When Liar Christ was crucified!

But Jah was not to be denied
Tho' on the cross his servant died—
A deeper plot sprang to his brain
That his Christ should not die in vain,
But by his subtility and power
Proclaimed this was victorious hour,
That Christ was victor o'er the grave,
So that in future he could save
Whoe'er believed in him!
In Hatred, and in vengeance grim,
He preached a bitterness and woe
O'er all the earth—all joy made void—
The Happiness of Earth destroyed!
Lo! misery triumphant strode
Wherever man made his abode
And let the Cross fly o'er his head!
With fears all human hearts were fed
For bitter, bitter, weary days,
Wherever Priests the dead Christ praise!
The tyrant Jah upon his throne—
The murderer of men—alone
Looks down upon the world to gloat—
(With a grim laugh within his throat)
On human misery—their pains
And the fell rattle of their chains
To him all music—he would crush
A million, as one would a rush,
To gratify a passing whim!
For the vast world is but to him
A stage of ghastly tragedy.

He looks with leering laugh to see
If one is happy—then he sends
Some Harpie to perform base ends,
Turning the laugh to bitter cry—
He watches all with cruel eye
To blast, to rend, to devastate,
He shows an everlasting hate
To Human Happiness—Destroys
The prattling babe—the girls—the boys—
Thrusts youth beneath the coffin lid—
'Neath grave clods fairest faces hid—
The Bridegroom laughs at blushing Bride
E'er touches lips—they're dashed aside—
And where the Lute and Harp should ring
There is the shriek of suffering!
Lo! now for near six thousand years
The world is rent with maddening fears—
Dread, Death, and Devastation vast,
Black shadows on the world have cast.

If Jah loved men—why is it so?
Decay, Destruction, Death and Woe—
Where Horrors on grim Horrors tread—
Grief unabashed lifts up its head
And shrieks its hatred in men's ears—
Why this for near six thousand years?
When Jah could wipe such all away
In the brief sunshine of a day,
And fill the world with joy and mirth—
And this a happy laughing Earth.

Simply—because he hates the race!
Fain would he crush, blast and efface
In fell destruction and disgrace
The light and joy from human face!

But ever friend—true friend to men,
Prince Satan dared the fight to win,
For centuries he waged the strife
To give to men immortal life,
To alleviate all human woes,
To crush the thorn and plant the rose,
To break the whip, and chain, and stave,
Give wine the thirsty lips to lave,
To give the human passion space—
Enjoy a kiss—and lovely face—
Give juicy meat instead of crust—
Proclaim to man it was not lust
To dream of women—and to kiss
With lips of fire—and not a miss
To drink pressed grapes inspiring draught—
That all earth's passions could be quaffed
Without the gruesome thought that hate
For that would blast and desolate.

And Lo! such fighting not in vain,
The Angels in Jehovah's train
Grow weary of his ghastly reign—
Sick of men's misery and pain—
Each year desert him—until he
Soon will decrepit Tyrant be
Minus of Power—where years before
The millions his fell Banner bore
Now a grim silence settling down.
He knows that soon the Victor's crown
Shall rest on Kingly Satan's head—
That Satan the maligned shall be
Adored by all Humanity!
That men shall see with wild surprise—
The mists of ages from their eyes
Roll as a fog from sunlit sea,

Then with wild rapture shall they see
Prince Satan King—alone supreme!
And olden superstitious dream
Writ in the book but wilful lies
So that the human may despise
Prince Satan. He their friend alone
Who dared Jehovah on his throne!
Prince Satan in a little time
Shall win his purposes sublime
And will drive Jah from his higher place
And banish unto outer space—
Then Satan shall reveal his face
In blessing to the Human Race.

And quickly men believed the lie,
Each with the other did outvie
As who most costly gift would bring
To honor Satan as their King.
From their munificence there rose
A place where Satan may repose
In gracious state—a palace fair
Where all things costly, rich, and rare
Were given with most lavish hand.
Lo! the vast riches of the land
With joy spread out to his commands,
All gladly given to Satan's hands.

And Satan's shrine a holy place
Where knelt the rich ones of the race
In adoration, joy, and praise.
Revived again the old Greek days—
And naked women danced before
The Portals of a Golden door,
Where to a secret chamber went
Alone the Man God with intent

Of secret adoration—He
Beheld indeed the majesty
Of Satan's form; as high Priest stood
Poured at his feet a wondrous flood
Of Jewel splendor—and while men
Worshiped the Man God—he within
Worshiped Prince Satan—he alone
Could see the Presence on the throne—
So Satan in his secret place
Was worshiped by the Human Race.

The Palace where Satan revealed his face
Of unique design—and the human race
With never a finger had made a trace,
Nor had they conceived of such dwelling place.
But yet one may see that a close design
Was followed from pages of Book Divine,
And an aping of such the eyes may see
Of the City, that John proclaimed would be
A crystal suspended in upper air—
A Pyramid City of stones all rare.
This Palace arose like a beautiful thought—
As magical fingers in tracery wrought—
And the men who built it could never tell
How their fingers fashioned—there was a spell
Of another power over brain and hand,
As dreamers worked they at a strange command.
A cunning not theirs by their fingers wrought,
A workmanship never by human taught—
Controlled by a power they could not see
They fashioned and shaped all mysteriously.
Came to Builders and Gazers, the biting thought—
Prince Satan conceived, and his angels wrought!

Blazing in Jewels upon the door
The Emblems, worshiped in days of yore

That filled the world with a slimy sea—
A stench to High Heaven—of Debauchery!
Of a sudden the worship of these vile things
From paupers' hovel to palace of Kings,
The costlier rings and amulets made
In shape of such things—by women displayed
On fingers and breasts—no blushing of cheek
At home nor abroad, of such things to speak
With utmost of freedom, Prince Satan's Design
Kissed, honored and worshiped—and held as Divine.

* * * *

Lo, Europe swift allegiance gave—
Hail'd Him Their Lord on land and wave!
Her navies and her armies swore
Allegiance to Him evermore—
Ambassadors from foreign lands
With costliest gifts in willing hands
From every nation—at his feet
To pour their adulations sweet.
And Lo the World as in far yore
The Roman Earth beheld once more
In one vast Empire—Cæsar's throne
Had but one candidate alone—
Amid the wildest of applause
To shape divine and Earthly Laws—
The Nations mad with one desire
Rolled like an avalanche of fire
To place him on that throne and sing
Wild praises to Their God—Their King!

He—most defiantly wickedly trod
On every law of Jehovah God
Where ever 'twas "YEA"—He gave his *"No!"*
And to God's "No"—gave *"It shall be so!"*
His one darling wish was to efface

God's Word from the mind of human race—
By devilish act—by word of mouth—
Designs of hatred were carried out!
Yea, every stigma and act of shame
He strove to wed to the Christly name—
To erase the term—that none may see—
And stamp Himself on Humanity!
Lo, men were eager His will to do,
No matter the deed—unswervingly true—
Blood thirsty—cruel that Devilish throng—
Lo, Christ the butt of the mocker's song!
His praise all eager—willing to win—
Pillaging—slaughtering Christian men—
Hopeless women and tenderest child,
Knew of no mercy from bigots wild!
Lo, every tortuous instrument
That Genius of Hell could well invent,
Was wrought for wracking the human frame,
Thus to blot from earth Christ's hated name!
Filled many a home with bitter pain,
For the closest ties were rent in twain,
The husband was of the wife afraid,
The parents oft by the child betrayed.
And lo, because of the Christ confessed—
The babe that sucked life from mother's breast
Now fair maiden grown—was thrust aside—
The gaunt, wild beasts were well satisfied!
And he, the lover so fond of eld,
That now in strong circling arms held
His wedded wife, aye, his more than life—
Cast her to the guillotine sharp knife!
In young and in old there seemed to be
A new born soul of fell bigotry—
Who ever may dare this God despise
Most worthy of death in human eyes!

For this New God held humanity
With a power all wonderful to see,
In thought, and in act, their life to lay
Down at his feet, as if potter's clay.
Lo, the cross, the gibbet and the sword—
The red flames leaped up to greet his word—
And Nero's torches flared up once more
More brilliant than in the days of yore!
The wild beasts as drunk with hot life blood,
Now gorged, laid down where the victims stood,
For not a savage or cruel beast
But had too much of this Christian feast!
A sickening odor was in the air—
The blood of Christians was everywhere—
And not a hill, nor a mound to see
Without its cross where pale victim be!
Lo, Christian suffering was everywhere—
All Europe seemed as a wild beast's lair—
Strewn with human bodies torn by hate—
A world of all Christians desolate!

* * * * * *

Once more his face to the inland sea
With all of Imperial Deity,
A higher place in men's eyes to fill—
As God in Temple on Zion's hill!
He entered the Temple sword in hand—
He should in Holy of Holies stand—
Opposing Priests at the altar slain—
The veil of the Holy cut in twain—
Where only the High Priest entered in
Once a year, for confession of sin,
Bearing shed blood—in that empty space
Where Maker and Man stood face to face!
And right where the Mercy seat should be
Planted his throne of Iniquity,

(A blaze of jewels that wondrous throne),
Proclaiming Himself the God alone!
The white robed acolothist anthems sing—
The golden censors of spices swing—
Priests leading people prostrated fall—
They hail him their God, "THE LORD OF ALL!"

But here is not ours to chronicle
The wrongs that to Israel Race befell—
For all who worshiped him not became
As things of loathing, and wrath, and shame!
Surely alone it was Satan's brain
Conceived such exquisite sense of pain,
Wherewith its helpless prey to enthrall—
To just let it live, and that was all!
Like Chemist over a crucible
He watched how their terrors rose and fell,
A Caldron vast was that Jewish land
He seething the Race with demon's hand!

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What Rumor is this the East wind brings?
The gathering Hosts of Barbarian Kings!
Arousing of Nations with one aim—
Who brings such rumors is laughed to shame.
When one gnat comes of a summer day
Lo, 'tis imperiously brushed away,
But what if they darken all the air
The whir of their wings heard everywhere?
Men held it light as a thing of scorn,
Like mists that becloud the early morn,
That the glorious sun could so soon dispel—
None dreamed a thought but that all was well!
For who may heed of a rumor vague,
A childish fear of a far off plague,
For woe to the foe whose acts had won

The wrath of the God of Babylon!
Men made it a jest and went their way
Like hunters that search for things of prey,
Fair Truth and Righteousness ever slain
Buying, selling and getting of gain!
So the days rolled on—but ever came
More startling rumors—and ever the same—
Nations arousing with one sole thought—
The sacking and wrecking of Babylon sought!
Surely the rumors at last proved true,
Every Doubter in Babylon knew—
With prancing of steeds—one vast array—
The Barbarians for plunder were on their way!
Was there in Babylon thought of fear
As the swift horses brought foemen near?
'Twould be but to them a glorious sight—
Would whet satiated appetite!

The merchant Kings had a glorious time
They sold the Barbarians' bones for lime,
Bartered in future as what may be
The yield from the fields that their blood would see.
A thought for Trading—"*Say, who will take*
A chance if only for trading sake,
As how many days it would take their King
To give his wild beasts an offering?"
A thing for trading, unique and strange
Chances were sold on "the open change."
E'en women dabbled in this new thing—
How much a Barbarian's head would bring?
Their marches were sold as a horse's pace,
How long e'er they reached a given place,
Each day were the chances bought and sold—
Vast was the sum of the changing gold.

So days rolled on with a quicker pace,
Like horseman bent on a reckless race
Heedless and careless to where he bore—
Babylon ne'er was so gay before!
'Twould seem as sin took more deadly hue,
Man strove with fellow for something new
That would outrage every law of heaven,
Alone by the vilest passions driven.
The cords of Humanity cut loose,
The World seemed given to vile abuse,
As vile as the vilest hell may be—
The City stank with Depravity!
Scorning the curtains that hid them in
The streets were alive with naked sin,
In lascivious dance—a curse to see—
A maelstrom of shameless infamy!
'Twould seem as women were wed to sin,
Each strove with the other as who would win—
No sewer of Hell more vile to see—
Babylon one vast monstrosity!
Nor was it the vile or base alone
Who sinned whether sun or moonlight shone,
But they who were reckoned of high degree
Were the foremost beasts in this revelry.
Women did even with men outvie;
And the brain was racked as who should try
To conceive a newer, fresher crime,
To sink men down in a lower slime!
And he was hailed with a new delight
Who could bring more daring sin to sight—
A Victor crowned, till another came
And claimed as right that infamous Fame!

Of a sudden fell a noisome sore
On men and women, as ne'er before

Was seen on earth—'twas a horrid thing—
The City shrieked in its suffering!
And it spared not one, this noisome pest,
From sucking child on the mother's breast
To aged sinner—all bent and gray—
How bitter the wails on this awful day!
Who e'er the mark of His number bore
Was seen on the flesh this noisome sore,
Who e'er had bent the imploring knee
Proclaiming his Godhead's Majesty!
Then woe to the man who had it not—
A Sign of Life was that noisome spot—
What men slew not the fierce wild beasts tore
Till all were glad to display that sore!
And boasting Science to ease the pain
Saw all its remedies tried in vain,
Shamefaced they stood before all the land—
Dared not acknowledge 'twas God's own hand!
It made men—if that were possible—
More darker, deeper children of Hell—
E'en Hell may blush of their acts to see—
The air was heavy with Blasphemy!

What story this from the restless sea
Of waters becalmed—no waves to see—
No ebbing, flowing, no tide, nor flood?
But stagnant all as a dead man's blood.
What cry is this on Euphrates' tide
Rolling to sea in its lordly pride?
At very fountain of life 'tis slain—
As blood stands still in a dead man's vein!
The beautiful river stagnant lay—
A putrid thing in the blaze of day—
A horrible stench—a dank perfume—
As comes from decay in dead men's tomb!

And, Lo, where glad fountains leaped before
The basins ran o'er with slimy gore,
Pavements mosaic where beauty trod—
Where children played on the grassy sod;
And Drunkard who scorned such boon before
For draught of water the Gods implore,
The wine cup became a loathsome thing
Crushed 'neath his heel in his suffering;
A cry in the air of a great despair—
A Famine of Water everywhere!
Frenzied they search for some hidden spring—
'Tis found—but to mock their suffering;
The sky reflected in angry glare—
The red clotted Blood was everywhere!
Blood! Blood! where ever the eye was turned—
A sight that the fleeing foot ne'er spurned—
The very moisture in every street
Had turned to blood and bedabbled the feet!
The bloody footprints were everywhere,
In dens all foul, and in palace fair;
Dewdrop that before in morning light
Flashed on the leaves as if diamonds bright,
Now dripped and fell on the passer's head
The clammy drops of a sickening red!
And not one blossom on flowery bed
But blood heavy hung its beauteous head,
Bedabbled with blood—the rank perfume
As smell of dead in an open tomb!
Where ever water had stood before
Now in its place a clodding of gore;
Whatever the food with water made
Now streaks of globular blood betrayed.
Blood in the hovel and stately place,
Blood on the hands, red blood on the face,
On cotton gown, and on velvet dress,

On silken sheen of all loveliness;
On beggar's palm and on princely hand,
On courtesan vile and Lady grand,
On beauties' cheek where soft moisture came,
No matter where—'twas ever the same!
(They had thirsted before for Christian blood
Their victims yielded a generous flood;
Let them drink of blood and the food they eat
Be mingled with blood between their teeth!)

What cry is this? What! a new despair?
From million lips: *"Give us air! give us air!"*
From cellars damp—in the crowded street
Came sudden rush of a million feet—
The streets were full of blaspheming men—
Where the weak went down—tho' their own kin—
And women and children trod beneath
The rushing and surging of maddening feet;
They fought like wild beasts for open space—
They took no heed of a friendly face—
But with cursing lips and striking hand
They strove in some cooling spot to stand!
The streets were full as of wreathing mass
Of venomous serpents who strove to pass,
Biting and tearing with teeth and nails—
Cursing and shrieking—such oaths and wails!
All wealth forgotten in this fell strife—
Men forsook their all for a breath of life—
Bankers cared not if the gold heaps lay
Where thief could glut to his full of prey;
Houses forsaken where costly things
Were scattered—meet for the use of Kings—
For one fresh breath on the burning brow
Worth more than handfuls of jewels now!
"Fresh Air! Fresh Air!" and the heated street

Was as furnace floor beneath their feet,
And the earth was burned, and black, and bare,
As red hot ashes were scattered there.
They sought for caves and for cellars deep—
Some place where the parched form may creep—
So hot the air in the dampest place
Like blast of steam in the wretch's face!
No rest was found in the dwelling shade—
All seemed as a heated oven made—
Lo, Beauty from richest chamber sped
Where the scorching sun blazed down o'erhead;
Men strove with men for the highest place
To win some breeze that would fan the face;
Men fought like beasts for the highest wall
To vanquish—soon as the vanquished—fall!
Never cool breath to the burned cheeks came,
The wind as sharp as a sword of flame
Seering the flesh—till the pores did crack
And the face was crisped, and dry, and black.
Men fought their way to the river's flood
To cool their brows in the stagnant blood,
Bathed therein as if that would be
An ease from horrible agony!
And this to their pains but added more;
The slime soon dried over every pore
Making each pulse like an inward fire—
Filling the heart with blaspheming ire!

Babylon's plain once so green to see
Was bare as a desert sand may be—
Once a world of blossoms—and none may tread
But he steppeth to crush a fair flower's head—
Ah, the beautiful flowers were burned brown—
Lo, the crackling leaves from the trees dropped down!

It is now high noon in Babylon—
The sun in meridian glory shone—
The sky in a brazen splendor laid—
No speck of cloud to bedim or shade—
O Horror of Horrors! what is this?
Has the Sun sank in a deep abyss?
Or was it a sudden shaft of night
Had slain to the heart the Lord of Light?
From millions of lips in Babylon
There rang out the cry: *"The Sun! The Sun!"*
And millions of hands stretched out in vain
Imploring for golden light again!
Each thought he only was stricken blind—
The only one accursed of his kind—
Staggered and grasped for support near by—
Rubbing in frenzy the stricken eye!
One moment high noon—a blaze of light—
The next—a dark and dismal night—
Aye, swifter than dropping lid may fall
A horrible darkness over all!
Ah, surely a panic was over all—
They crouched and groped for the nearest wall—
Shouting for *"Light!"* how the air was rent
By desperate frenzy and vain intent!
Let Science flash out the light she gave—
Oh, give us fair light in which to lave!
She once clad night in the robes of noon—
Had mocked the splendor of silvery moon.
Glad hopes sprang up in the heart to die—
For Science they once did deify
Now in the hour of their greatest need
Proved but a broken and worthless reed!
No lamp—no candle—no flash of light
Of any kind that may bless the sight—

A greater terror in every breast
When Science her baffled powers confess'd!
And men were frenzied they knew not where
They stood or crawled—why a wild beast's lair
A heaven to this—then one may dare
To meet a foe when he saw him there!
This horrible darkness—loathsome spell—
On splendid palace and hovel fell,
On beggar and prince, on bond and free,
Helpless all in captivity!
All ties of nature were rent in twain—
Aye, motherly love was even slain,
For the suckling child was dashed away
That mother may grope for light of day!
One minute the air with oaths was rife
As strong men struck at the walls in strife—
And then of a nameless horror dumb
Crouching and watching for what to come!
One minute crouching in deadly fear—
Then maddened by unknown danger near,
Leaped up to clutch at the empty space,
Strike at the air as at foeman's face!
An awful, horrible, stifling gloom,
Men searching all madly round the room
With bitter cries—groping round and round
For door they pass'd—by terror unfound;
Helpless in terror and wild affright—
Their strength was wasted in useless fight—
Oft maddened—to end the pain of all,
Would batter their heads against the wall!
Lo, in this terrible, ghastly strife,
The air with curses and oaths was rife
In one vast volume—commingling rung
One terrible oath from human tongue!
Then sank to a silence dread again—
Gnawing their tongues for the very pain!

Lo, the Darkness went as Darkness came!
Babylon saw of her coming shame—
A thunderous tramp—and dust clad air—
At last the Barbarian Kings were here!
An appalling sight to meet the ken—
The East was black with the moving men—
From distant North to the hazy South
Alone the horizon shut them out!
A deadly, black and entombing cloud,
The thunders of hoof—the snortings proud—
The savage music that greets the ear
Is surely the blast of Death to hear!

Hearing the blast of their savage horn,
Children of Babylon, where thy scorn?
Not even Euphrates' lordly tide
The prey from Barbarian Hosts divide!
They come as locusts of summer come—
Thy stricken heart may be surely dumb—
Behind their passage is blank and bare—
Babylon's meat is their future fare!
They come to clutch at thy golden store,
(Thy dainty days are most surely o'er),
In savage daring and reckless pride
Water their horse in Euphrates' tide.

What cry is this from where great ships lay—
The river dwindling—shrinking away—
Lo, 'tis vanished from human eye—
In mud of river the great ships lie!
Gone is the river with all its pride—
The waves no more—nor the lordly tide—
That bore on its bosom from every sea
The stateliest ships that the eye may see!
The river has fled on hasty wings—

A passage free for the Eastern Kings—
The meeting wings of Barbarian horde
Search not in vain for an easy ford.
Lo, see how the dark lines nearer crawl—
Have met—now the city is in their thrall—
A fatal circle of laughing foes
Each moment nearing for deadly close!

Where now thy laughter, Babylon, fair?
Aye, thou art now in the jackal's lair—
A Jackal savage that snarling waits
With sharpened teeth at thine open gates!
Cutting supplies from thy dwindling store
Thou feelest pangs—such never before—
Famine of Water—Famine of Bread—
Dainty stomachs are going unfed—
Thy fairest daughters fighting for meat
That Jackals would spurn with swiftest feet—
Could foeman dream of a better day?
Death—Mourning and Famine, hold fell sway!
What was the taunt in the Christian's song—

"True is the Lord, and His hand is strong!
None shall save from His terrible ire—
She shall be utterly burn'd with fire!"

Where thy laughter, O Babylon, now?
To snatch the diadem from thy brow
They circle grim with a dire intent,
With hearts all harder than hearts of flint,
O where they laughter, Babylon, fair?
Pour thee hot ashes on brow and hair;
Have thy Mirth—Laughter and merry Dance
Flown at the sight of Barbarian lance?
Rend thee the purple from dainty limb—

Gird thy breasts with sackcloth coarse and grim—
Down in the dust, 'tis a fitting place—
'Tis fitting spot for thy whorish face!
Are they now a thing for passing jest,
O Babylon, with their teeth at thy breast?
Trampling thy skirts as their dazzled eyes
Gloat at the wonder of this Grand Prize.

Are they picturesque in savageness?
With rough tanned skins for their uncouth dress,
Girt with weapon of primitive fight
The arrow—the spear—the javlin bright;
Their horses shaggy—but light and fleet,
Like rush of the wind their unshod feet,
The veriest slaves to their master's will
And almost human in feats of skill.
How subtle the thought of old Greek brain,
Behold! 'tis his Centaur back again!
Surely as one are the man and steed
In reckless daring and savage deed.
The horses are snorting—they sniff the fight—
The Barbarians laughing in mad delight—
Lo, Babylon's plunder at last is near—
The arrows ready—and flashing the spear!

O Lady of Nations! where are now
The Beauty—Splendor—that decked thy bow
When nations eager to do thy will
Spoke Thou—and lo, all their tongues were still;
Looked you—and they were swift to do—
Out of the scabbard the bright sword flew—
Quick as a flash to defend and aid—
Earth at thy frownings was sore dismay'd!

The Nations have heard thy cry of pain,
Nor has it rang in their ears in vain,

The Nations ready as if one man
To aid and abet by every plan!
Nations are arming—they come—they come—
To blast of trumpet and roll of drum—
Europe is naught but an armed camp—
The world resounds to the martial tramp.
Squadrons are coming across the sea—
Tongue may not tell what their numbers be—
As swift as the wind and steam may bring
Their millions of armed offering!
Yea, Coming—but lo, such leagues away—
And foeman here in battle array!

The shouts of Helpers ring in thine ear—
But cruelest foes already here!
Aye they will come, but, alas too late—
When Palace and Hovel desolate—
When the wrecking hand with the burning brand
Has blackened the Glory of all the Land!
They will come when carcass is on the plain—
Will come when Beauty and Youth are slain—
When aged and young are a dainty feast
For the vulture bird and for savage beast!
They will come when the eyes can only greet
The mangled Bodies in every street—
Smoking wall yet echoing death's despair
And the cry of the dead still in the air!
Coming—but, ah, such a weary space—
With Foeman standing before the face,
When any moment the arrows' flight
May herald the deadly—awful fight.

O for a lull of the Tempest's breath!
O for a break in the line of Death!
Can we not bribe them—hold them at bay

Just for the space of a single day?
Send then the subtlest tongues to them—
Presents of diamonds and flashing gem—
Coined and uncoined—of value untold
Pour to their gazing glitter of gold—
Bribe them—hold them—whatever is given
Our best or dearest under heaven—
Our fairest women—our richest wine—
Costliest presents from God's own shrine!
Blind them with promises false and true—
Reckless thine oaths—be many or few—
Only hold them from battle array
Just for the space of a single day!

Lady of Nations, where now thy God
Who rules the Nations with iron rod?
Go to his altar with tearful eyes—
Let loftiest cloud of incense rise—
Deck thou his image as ne'er before—
Costliest floods of oblations pour
As never were yet to Godhead given,
To Greek, or Roman, or Christian Heaven!
Crowd thou his temple as ne'er before
Prostrate to lie on the marble floor,
Turning thy pale, supplicating face,
Where golden Image his altars grace.
Lady of Babylon, cry aloud
There in thine abject terror all bowed;
Is thy God dreaming? will he forsake?
Cry out most bitterly—he will wake!
Aye, art thou sure he indeed is told?
Send Him thy messages manifold—
Tell Him of thy danger—fast and fleet
By wire—by steed—and by runner's feet!
Tell him thy danger in words of fire—

Rouse up his terrible, 'vengeful ire—
Make him to know, aye, to realize
The foemen are here before our eyes!
Why is he waiting beside the sea?
Why not come alone in Majesty?
Then foes shall blacken and shrivelled lie
Alone from fire in his flashing eye!
Who hath offended in anything,
Or failed to his shrine their prayers to bring?

Some Christian's breath must befoul the air—
Broken the current of fervent prayer!
Yea, but the Christian and Jew alone
Have scorned to bow to his Godhead's throne—
Come, let us search with a hate renewed—
Better for them they were wild beast's food!
The Cross, the Gibbet, the wild Beast's Den
Were surely a heaven for them to win!
The torches lighted by Nero's hate
Had laughed to escape this last fell fate!
Search for the Christians where'er they be
With cunning of Death's ferocity!
Hunt them with bloodhounds—magical art—
Torment them tho' they be blood of our heart!

O Lady of Babylon, get thee down
And cast in the mire thy golden crown—
In sackcloth clad—in thine ashes lie—
The world shall shudder to hear thy cry!
O Lady of Nations, thy costliest things—
That alone seem fit for the touch of Kings—
Are things of loathing—a curse to cling—
Barbarian hand on thy throat to bring!
O climb to the top of thy highest place—
O Scan the blank West some hope to trace—

Cry as thou never hast cried before
As weeper crieth—at dead men's door!
O climb to top of thy highest place
Canst thou see aught in that weary space?

No dust of marching in all the air?
No shadow of stirring anywhere?
O take to thine eye the sharpest glass—
Is naught moving in glittering mass?
At last—aye, what is that long thin line?
Our coherts are coming, O heart of mine!

"Yes, we can see it with naked eye—
A slender thread between earth and sky—
Nay, it is false! and thou art lying!
'Tis but a mass of vultures flying!

Alas, new Foes in the upper air—
Foes—Foes—there are foemen everywhere!
And what shall the coming vultures greet,
Ours or Barbarians the reeking meat?

"What is that coming? O Look again—
A shadow has darkened all the plain—
A moving shadow that does not fly—
Are not our coherts now coming anigh?"

"Moving shadows alas, aye, alas,
The plain is moving—a leaping mass—
Lions and Tigers—all beasts of prey—
Come to our table to sup today!"

See the Barbarians are speeding round
Ah, in the meshes we're surely bound—
Tighter and tighter the cords they make—
A human net that we cannot break!

Shipwrecked—as caught on a rock are we,
Around us a living, seething sea—
Soon waves all crested with flashing steel
Will 'round us in maddening eddies wheel!
Where are our warriors famed of old
That oft in our ears their prowess told
Where are they now in our time of need?
They have given us words—now show the deed.
Look at the Cowards shrinking away—
They make no effort to hold at bay
This terrible foe—they take to flight
As bats and owls that fear of the light!
Aye, see yon warriors, see the scars
Received in the rush of other wars—
Now as a child or woman may be—
Fainting of heart and shaking of knee!
Faint-hearted—and that they well may be
For where is the hope in such a sea
Of circling lances? a sharp steel ring
That every moment is narrowing!

Now, what this dread silence far and wide
With never a cry on any side?
A silence chill—see, that ring of horse
Motionless stands in its onward course.
This silence dread our moment of Fate—
List to that wild, lonely cry of Hate!
Hark! to the thunder that seems to smite
The very sun in its upward flight!
See they are rushing from every side—
The feathered arrows with blood are dyed—
The lances—the swords at last are wed
To Babylon's flesh—the stream runs red!
Our men, our women a flock of sheep—
The Hand of Shepherd not here to keep—

Children and women as well as men—
Our city is one vast slaughter pen!

O Look! where God's Temple springs on high—
Marvel of splendor—against the sky,
So light, yet massive in its design—
Surely it sprang from a brain divine!
See how our children are crowding there—
Making it ring with their loud despair—
Where God-like his golden Image stands
Worshipers blessing with outstretched hands!
What are they doing in their despair?
What maddened wretches are climbing there
Where God on the beauteous altar stands—
Maddened they are—a moment before
Worshiping prone on the marble floor—
Now they are wild as the furies be
Destroying where they had bent the knee!
Like hellish furies they Curse and shriek—
And women are there—ah, once so meek—
Outvieing the men—with unloosened hair,
Wild Furies or Witches everywhere!
See, how yon villain the hammer sways,
While at every stroke the mad crowd brays:

"Curse Him! The Author of all our Woes!"

It shivers—it totters—ah, down it goes!
Hark! with what thunder of joys they greet—
They trample in fury beneath their feet—
Spitting and daubing with most foul things—
A worship new for the King of Kings!
Aye, they are maddened with new found hate
And hellish fury to desecrate—
And cursed thrice be that cursed hand

Who waves in triumph that blazing brand!
See how the red torches flash and spread
How they circle around the dancer's head—
Now cursing and yelling, to and fro,
Maddened by Danger and Coming Woe!
The Temple afire! alas; alas!
How the wild flame spreads in rolling mass—
They're drenching with oil the grandest place
That ever smiled to the human face!
Hark! at the shouts of that maddened ring
As they give the flames such offering!
Ah, see there are some at such sad shame
Casting themselves in the licking flame!
Like serpents the fire flames leap and twine
From base to apex of holy shrine—
Soon to vanish a ghostly thing—
As our fading faith in dastard King!
What ghastly revels the eye to meet
With Death's carnival in every street—
The laughter of madness—shriek of Woe—
For cursed Barbarians no mercy show!

He cometh not! aye, he makes no sign—
What, is he not then a God divine?
Were He—would he leave us here to be
Victim of Jackal's ferocity?
Babylon—She who first Deified—
Light of his eye—the Gem of his pride—
The golden city of his desire—
Thus to be left to the foeman's ire!
Why does he linger beside the sea—
Fretting like one of humanity—
Telling of wonders his hand will do?
Poor, pitiful boast that will ne'er come true!
His words had lulled us of every fear—

We laughed in our peace till foes were here—
He said, to fear not of living thing—
The God of Earth was Babylon's King!
Chaldea's Land was a holy place
That a foeman's foot should ne'er disgrace—
The World combined not a foot should win—
They may behold—but not enter in!

Is he truly God? Look down and see
That shambles of dead humanity—
Who can that horror of horrors paint—
Slayers from slaying are waxing faint!
See the Barbarian is gorged with blood—
His horse knee deep in that clammy flood—
Sated with slaughter—his wanton ire
Gives to his hand but destructive fire!
See, how the fresh flames creep and leap—
See, now how the old flames rush and sweep
Where is our Nero with golden lyre
Pæan to sing o'er Babylon's pyre?
Sated with slaughter the foeman stands
The sword held loose in the blood stained hands—
Cursing the victims that crowd his way—
Utterly Weary to further slay!

Hark! Hark! what is that? some new born snare?
How close and dusty the lagging air—
The earth is rumbling beneath our feet—
The houses nodding in every street!

Horrors Triumphant! again the light
Is stricken to death in arms of Night—
Making all Nature utterly void—
Better by far we were all destroyed!
Hark! what babel of terrors below—

Terror alike of victims and foe
Stricken with terror and wild despair,
Rushing and dashing they know not where—
They see not where—for in this thick night
Most lurid flame is flicker of light,
As faint as will-o'-the-wisp may be—
Or firebug flashing of light to see—
The firm earth breaking beneath the feet
Great buildings crashing in every street—
All wrapped in a darkness horrible—
Surely the depths of a Christian Hell!

What if the Christians indeed are right?
Did they not prophesy this fell fight
Many and many a year ago?
Fulfill'd to letter is every woe!
When as wild beasts hunted and driven,
Did they not smile at each torture given,
Smiled at our torture howe'er replete
Fearless whatever the doom to meet?
Yea, in the throes of their deepest pain,

Cried: "Lo, the Lord Christ shall come again!"

Yea, in the dying they waxed more bold
As of the Coming of Christ they told!
Aye, and they prophesied there would be
Direst of wrath and calamity—
Horrible Thing on Horrible Thing—
Whoever worshiped our Dastard King.

See yon—the dark clouds are breaking away—
Ah, it is coming—the Beautiful Day—
Rapture of Raptures again the sweet light—
Mercy! Oh, Mercy! what wonderful sight!

Look at the Heavens! a Terrible Red
Bursts like a tidal wave over the head—
All of the Heavens a sea billowed plain—
See, drops are falling! a horrible rain!

Heaven's fire above us—Hell's fires below—
Where now can we turn—where now can we go?
Now the full Doom told by Christian is come!
To help or to aid us the world is dumb!
Man, angel or Devil—no help for us now
With fire at our feet, and fire on our brow,
Thus in unending ages be toss'd
Utterly! Utterly!! Utterly Lost!!!

* * * * * *

Lo! not alone in Babylon
Was mourning for the deed now done—
(As Babylon in ashes lay)
Fore'er the closing of the day
Ran the swift message of the skies:—

"Our Babylon in ashes lies!"

At first was sneering at the news,
"Only some speculative ruse—
We've heard strange news before," say they
And shuddering put the news away.
But when repeated o'er and o'er—
The same dread message evermore,
Men could no longer then refuse
To feel at heart this awful news.
Then rang one universal cry
That pierced the mocking heavens on high!
Lo! round the world the mourning ran
As if from universal man;
For Trader where in any Race

But Ruin stared him in the face?
They all held stock in Babylon—
Their Riches—now their all had gone!
Lo! never since the world was made
Such universal grief displayed—
No sentimental grief—but pain
As if a sword had cut in twain
Their living hearts—yes, Ruin lay
Itself across their path that day—
For all grew rich at her great mart,
Her ways had won the trader's heart,
They loved her for the riches made,
For the great life she gave to trade!
And not to trader's heart alone—
For scarce a race on earthly zone
But from the wants of Babylon
Had to the worker surely won
Fair bread and meat—Lo, this fell day
In smoke beheld all pass away!
And whence shall come the next day's meal?
Ah, surely never Human weal
Received such deadly blow as this
O'ershadowing every earthly bliss!
And men who dreamed of future trade
Gloating o'er margins to be made,
With trembling lips and blanched cheek—
With palsied tongue that could not speak—
Heard of the news—and lo, the brain
Cracked like a harpstring in the strain!

The Vast Exchanges of the world
Were unto utter Ruin hurl'd!
Wild, frantic men were rushing there
Commingling blasphemy with prayer!
Great fortunes vanished evermore—

Such cries—no mortals heard before—
And may ears hear not such again!
The feverish essence of all pain.
What rushing on the marble floor—
The reign of Bulls and Bears was o'er—
Such stricken, helpless, blasted brains
Blaspheming for their vanished gains!
The living—aye, far blessed more
The Suicide there in his gore,
He knew not, felt not of the pain
Of hissing devils in the brain!
A few as numbed—all silent lay—
The many like wild beasts of prey,
As soul forsaken, gnashing teeth,
Trampling the weak beneath their feet!
And trampled on—or kicked aside—
Was many a blood stained suicide,
Whose life's blood trickled on the floor
Where danced his feet an hour before!
Ah, many a frenzied man was there
All knew this morn a millionaire,
Ere evening's first soft shadows lay
Knew all his wealth had passed away!
What hearts—what brains were throbbing now
With worse than death drops on the brow—
Lo, Ruin plucked them from their place
In the vile gutter of disgrace!
None may escape from this fell blow—
The Beggar—Prince—the high, the low—
From Lady rich—to courtesan,
(Who in the night time hunted men)
But felt this blow—tomorrow's sun
Shone not for them as Babylon!
For if impoverished the hand
That reaped the riches of the land

Could wife, or bastard love enfold,
Themselves in garments worn of old.
That City gave to Fashion tone,
She, stately Queen of Fashion's throne,
Now quenched indeed the guiding light
That led to taste all exquisite!
The Courtesan may seek in vain
To find the fools to give her gain,
The want of bread kept fools away
Who showered upon her yesterday
The richest, costliest things which made
Her laugh to know she was no maid!
Lo, to the men of cunning brain
A fatal blow—for now in vain
This new design—for who would buy
Like Her whose smoke rolled now on high?
They toil'd before in glad delight
For well they knew when she caught sight
Of beauty new—her open purse
Paid well for it—but now a curse
Was beauty rare—a worthless thing
Of nothing worth the fashioning!
Vain to recount—for surely all
Seemed crushed to earth at this fell fall—
And ne'er such earnest grief was won.
For anything—as Babylon!

Whence of a sudden came the thought?
A change in human Soul was wrought
Unto each Soul like tongue of fire—
Filling all souls with one desire—
Souls all crushed a moment before
Without seeming life on marble floor,
Now leaped up with a new born life
Shouting—"*Hurrah for the coming strife!*"

Aye, 'twas a motley crowd indeed
Hunting for arms in their great need
An eager hurrying—rush of feet,
Helping desire the hands were fleet,
Grasping for arms the first they saw—
To grasp a neighbor's the common law,
And not an anvil in any land
But wildly rang to hammering hand!
Even women with men outvied
To dangle sword or knife by side,
Mingling with men in this one aim—
Jesting—cursing—without a shame!
Even bartering all their charms
To grasp in fingers warlike arms.

Ah, 'twas indeed a wild, weird band
Gathering strength from every land,
Wrinkled brows and whitened hair
Only the offering some brought there,
Tottering feet—in the palsied hand
Like aspen leaf was battling brand;
And ruddy boys who scarce could be
Out of the ring of infancy;
Maidens and girls of tender years
Fresh from the schoolroom's hopes and fears
Women all flushed with golden prime—
Matron and maid—from many a clime.
Aye, and the dying thrust away
The loving hands who longed to stay
To close the eyes that soon would be
Fixed in the chill of vacancy;
Aye, but the dying thrust aside—
Beckoned them off to the swelling tide—
Glad they could make such offering
Ere sinking spirit took its wing,

Bringing to death blanched cheek blood tinge—
Hissing with rattle of Death: *"Revenge!"*
Lo, 'sundering of every tie—
No longer dear to mother's eye
The new born child—but cast away
Careless if Death would grasp a prey,
So that the Mother's feet could stand
In dire revenge in Israel's land!
Europe as mad as a world could be
In a fiendish dance of Devilry!
To hear the fresh sweet voices say
Words that the vilest held at bay—
The lips scarce free from mother's breast
Full of a ribald song and jest—
Wild language—that may surely be
The Devil's Pearls of Blasphemy!
To hear those rosy lips repeat
The vilest language of the street,
Their every action showing well
The Teacher surely came from Hell!
Lo, women fair as well as men
Seemed friends incarnate in their sin,
All glorying in their awful shame
Till they were human but in name!
Lo, gathering still—like river vast
Struck by a Simoon's driving blast
Gathered fresh strength upon its way—
What mortal dare to say them nay!
Till burst at last—sin's crested sea
Blaspheming, fierce humanity—
Wild waters with a thunder roar—
A hurricane on Israel's shore!

And whose the hand that thus hath done
Dishonor foul to Babylon?

Was it not Jewish hireling hand
That nerved the sword, and lit the brand,
And thus Pre-eminence hath won
Jerusalem o'er Babylon!
Have not their Temple—God—and Life—
Been all the cause of earthly strife?
All cursed this thrice accursed Race!
Come let us blot them from Earth's face
So that no searching eye will find
A trace or vestige of their kind!
Are they not boasting that their King—
A Jewish Christian—yet shall bring
Deliverance—and they shall be
The Princes of Humanity!
The Christians and the Jews combine
To make the Crucified Divine—
Have we not Spirits to our aid?
Then should we be of Him afraid?
Spirits as countless as the sands
Are waving on with flaming hands,
They Prophesy of Victory Grand
O'er all our foes in Israel's land!
Come let us crush the Jewish Race!
Dare this Messiah to his face!
Dare him from his imperial height
To come and wage us in this fight!
There let Humanity hold tryst
And tho' the Foeman the dead Christ
With all the attributes Priests weave
Around Him—that they may deceive—
With all Heaven's armies at his back—
Our feet in vengeance shall not slack!
We shall but meet with swifter pace
And greet this Godhead face to face!
Would we could dare Him on Earth's sod
Then we should see—who is The God!

Onward that wild and angry sea—
Mouthing curses and Blasphemy!
Caring little their rushing feet
Soon would the Coming Foemen meet!
Armageddon the place of tryst—
The foe they hated—THE COMING CHRIST!

(The End.)

THE FATHERS.

Our higher Critics seem to be
A sort of chartered Company,
With the exclusive Right to rule
(He who denies this is a fool)
With an exclusive right to trade
(Of God or man they are not afraid)
In Books once Sacred and Divine
They shall alone the Truth define.

With splash of Hebrew and of Greek
But, ah, Colossean in cheek!
And where the Scholar so absurd
To doubt of theirs a single word,
Their "Verifying Faculty"
The Guide for Common man must be.

"The letter Killeth!" So they say,
"So we must cast the husks away;
In Bible rubbish we will find
Some croppings of the Spirit's mind."

We must have charity in sooth
Tho' they despise what we call Truth,
For they with us in common hold
What most men know is Bible gold,
As all men Brothers—why should we
Refuse to them fraternity?
Because they see not with our eyes,
And the Blood Sacrifice despise,
Perchance is no good reason why

We should say to such men good-bye
We cannot in your church abide?
Tho' they have said that Ezra lied,
And shaped a Moses all their own,
Aye, what tho' they have overthrown
Each miracle God's servants wrought,
And even by insidious thought
Hinted that Christ e'en did not do
The works the Gospel said were true.

They've thrown upon God's Word such slurs
'Twould seem they were a lot of curs
Who stole some meat, and with sharp teeth
Rent it asunder with mad heat,
Till what is left is hard to tell
When rent and torn by hate from hell.

Now let us of their ravenings note—
Examine faults o'er which they gloat:—

Hear *Palus* in mad blasphemy
Claim Zacharias did not see
An angel—but the incense smoke
Seemed one—a paralytic stroke
Held his tongue mute. Elizabeth
A vile procuress, made a net
For Youth to take the Virgin in—
(So Christ the offspring of such sin!)
No angels to the shepherds came,
Some dancing Youths with torches flame
A merry making in the night
Seemed angels in their drowsy sight.

Bauer says, that it is quite absurd
That any one at Jordan heard

JEHOVAH speaking to THE SON,
That such a thing was never done,
And no descending Dove smote air—
Some lambent flame, or lightning there.

As to Temptation—*Palus* said,
'Twas but a dream—when vision fled
Behold, a Caravan drew near
And gave the hungry Christ good cheer,
Sweet breezes fanned his cheek—so he
Dreamed of sweet Angel Company.

And *Hase* has a most pleasant way
Of telling, how at wedding day
The Christ with a rich pleasantry
A Present brought—when none did see,
In water Jars He hid the wine,
Which "Tipsy John" did not divine
And in his drunken spree did tell
That Jesus wrought a miracle.

Palus states, never lepers came
To Christ, that had within their frame
That deadly virus and were healed.

Venturini who first revealed—
The fact, that Christ a lotion gave
The Blind men—often sight did save
By putting finger in the eye
Removing scale and stigmati.

And *Gabler* was not loath to say,
The Dead did not The Christ obey
But in a swoon the little maid
Recovered by the teacher's aid;

Nain's Widow's Son but just the same—
Swoon torper only held his frame;
And Lazarus in lethargy,
Tho' seemingly as dead to see,
But when they rolled the stone away
And let the hot air have full sway
Awoke, and from his torper rose,
Around him still death winding clothes.

And *Palus* said, At Jacob's well
Some Passerby did Jesus tell
What kind of woman she who came
To draw of Water, thus her shame
Came to his knowledge.
Thus He knew
Nathaniel's character was true
From common heresay.
Christ's keen eye
The shoal of fishes did discry
So told them to let down the net—
Credulity and craft well met.

And *Schleiermacher* not afraid
To say, the Words The Lord Christ prayed
(To us the universal prayer
That Infant lips lisp everywhere)
Matthew's interpolation—and
Such prayer not given by Christ's command.

And *Schulz*, that Matthew did not write
His Gospel—not a page saw light
Until all the Apostles died.

And *Palus*, that Christ never said
To Nicodemus—(what we hold

As very pearls—the wide world's gold
Is dross indeed compared to them
Of all Truth—this the diadem—)
How God so loved the World and gave
His only Son that World to save
And whosoever would believe
The Heart of God glad to receive;
"*The Words are John's*," this Palus writes.

Olshausen fearlessly indites,
Christ cast no Devils out of men
And the Swine story but akin
To Balaam's ass, an accident
The Swine to swift destruction sent
As curious herdsmen went to meet
The Christ, ere trod the shore his feet.

And *Bolton* said, 'twas nothing more
Than on high ridge along the shore
Where Jesus walked, not on the sea
In its wild impetuosity.

Hase blandly writes, that Peter's mouth
Was opened wide that he may shout
He had a fish to sell—from whence
When sold obtained the tribute pence.

And *Weisse* tells, five thousand fed
By making those who had the bread
Give freely to such as had none—
Free giving, miracle alone.

DeWitte, *Bertholdt* and *Kuinol*, say,
Deception marked the Glorious Day
Christ was Transfigured! While the Three
Apostles slumbered heavily,

Two men connived in secret tryst
To hold communion with the Christ,
Their talk aroused the sleeping men
Who waking up, with drowsy ken,
Saw the men disappear in mist—
The spot where Christ stood being kist
By the first flash of dawning light
Seemed as a glory to their sight,
While the reflecting snow but made
The glistening White that Christ arrayed.

While *Schmidt* claims, Judas pure and good,
An honest man, misunderstood.

Bretschneider claims John unaware
Of the Last Supper, was not there.

And *Kaiser* says, a sudden thought
To Jesus came when on the cloth
The Jug of Wine, the Loaves of Bread,
Ne'er had it entered in his head
Till then, to make the bread and wine
Through all the ages as his sign.

Thies claims, that in Gethsemane
Christ took a chill, we must not see
Ought else in his blood agony.

Palus explains, Christ had a friend
In the Sanhedrim—so his end
He well may prophesy indeed
Before they dared to do the deed.
The servant's ear Christ did not heal
And when he touched it 'twas to feel
The extent of the Scar, and tell
What course of treatment would make well.

And Pilate never washed his hands
Nor called Christ just—and that the strands
Of temple veil not rent in twain,
Nor did the Jews their purpose gain;

For *Bahrdt* claims, Christ never died!
(So then the twelve Apostles lied)
On cross—by secret potion he
Sank senseless in his agony,
Seeming indeed to gazer's eye
On the uplifted cross to die—
As to the Earthquake, risen saints,
The such imagination paints.

And *Schuster* claims, it was the smell
Of unguents strong that broke the spell—
And fresh air of the cave, insooth
In Christ the vital power of youth
Gave him the strength again to rise,
And not an Angel from the skies.

And *Palus* claims for many years
Christ lived upon this vale of tears,
And that at last by fever pain
Kind death released his stricken brain.

And *Steudel* fearlessly, unawed,
Claims the ascension but a fraud—
Christ did his followers delude!
For as on rising height he stood,
He raised on tiptoe as to bless,
And still ascending none the less
He upward crept, while those below
Half blinded by their tears of woe

Would fain the parting one have Kist;
Then suddenly a rising mist
Enveloped him—with sinking knees
He hid behind the Olive trees
That grew upon the mountain height,
And so he vanished from their sight.
Two secret colleagues now crept near,
To the Disciples did appear.
And to assuage their poignant pain
Told them Christ would come back again.

Now, what is left of Christ's sweet time?
These Croaking Frogs have left their slim
On every Miracle and Thought
By which our Great Salvation Wrought.

And these The Fathers! this the crew
Whence later Hyper Critics drew
Their inspiration—virus vile
That they would hand us with a smile
For our acceptance, not so bold
In blasphemy as word of old,
But just as deadly to the soul
Who lifts to heart their deadly bowl;
Who will Satanic draught refuse
They sneer at, laugh at, and abuse.

What, call such Brothers? Nay, indeed,
Tho' it be called a bigot's deed,
For one I shall not bow the knee
In false, vile, bastard charity!
For he who wishes them Godspeed
Is a partaker in their deed—
For, Lo! these Lepers of the Race
Have spit upon The Lord Christ's face.

THE LARGER HOPE.

I am so sick of hearing Christian mind
Prating their shallow nonsense—God confin'd
In little circles—e'en CHRIST'S death no more
Than merit to waft souls to Heavenly shore—
A hazy, mazy—spiritual place
Where one can never see a human face
Of flesh and bone—but something like a haze
Now quivering will-o'-wisp before the gaze—
Now vanishing a vapor to the sight—
An essence in a whirl of delight
Twanging a harp before a golden throne,
Or what may seem to be such—aye, insooth
If these same Christians have indeed the truth,

They lisp as Matter something very base,
As if it were indeed a vile disgrace
To be of flesh—they shudder and would be
"*Pure spirit free from flesh Impurity!*"

When THE CREATOR CHRIST—as 'twere a mesh
Took to HIS GODHEAD the encircling flesh
Married the Flesh to GOD—and thus shall be
The GOD MAN through the vast eternity!

What CHRIST thus blest these little minds despise
Hold flesh contemptible before their eyes;
Such Flesh Despisers must then surely be
More wise than are THE BLESSED TRINITY!

(Grown so etheral they the flesh despise.
It is unholy in their dainty eyes

And only fit for the worms and the grave,
Christ died alone their little souls to save,
The bodies perish, crumble to decay,
Shall never know a Resurrection Day;
Christ was mistaken or misunderstood.
Tho' these same ones indeed love dainty food
Pamper the body with rich meat and wine,
As if indeed it were alone divine,
And give their spirit but a scanty fare
Of Bible reading, or of earnest prayer,
The Grossest Liver makes the loudest wail;

"Oh, but to shed it—cast it off and be
A spirit all etheral and free!")

But where such heaven—'twere surely hard to find
And only lurks in the Satanic mind;
The Word speaks not of Heaven in such sense—
A magic mirror, hung in grand suspense,
Where all are shadows moving to and fro
Like flashing puppets of a monkey show.
Out on such Heaven—God's Heaven is very real
Hath a location—we shall see and feel,
Aye more substantial than all earthly things,
For when He comes, the Glorious King of Kings,
His glorious voice shall call us to the skies
Lo, then each Glorious Body shall arise
From out the Grave—Body and Soul shall be
United—Blest—and live Eternally.

But these same Dreamers, a choice Company,
They are the Church—and they alone shall be
The very nearest, closest to The Throne,
A little company—and they alone
Blessed above all others—just a few—

Of all the many millions that once drew
The breath of Life upon this groaning Earth,
(Some sorrowfully sad e'en from their birth)
And *their* God satisfied at such a thing!

What Satisfied! CHRIST THE ETERNAL KING,
Creator of all things seen and unseen,
Who rolls HIS million worlds in golden sheen
Of light and splendor flashing from HIS face,
Who yet with Artist's consummative grace
Wishes—a fly, a bird, a wayside flower—
A swinging world—with the same mystic power.
Who condescends to shape each grain of sand
With all an artist cunning of deft hand
Till each grain is perfection in each shape;
Who wishes—and a Continent and Cape
Runs to the outline HE would have them be,
And flings the heaving rushings of the Sea
O'er heights and hollows, covering evermore
Sea caverns where wild waters rush and roar,
Or keep a silence like Eternal night—
Depths where ne'er quivered any flash of light;
The Sea, all populous with moving things
From pennywinkle—to the shark that springs
Like as a flash upon its helpless prey;
Where spouts the whales like children in glad play;
And Earth with beast—and bird, and midget flies—
Unseen unless glass aided human eyes—
Life! Life! Oh such a prodigal display
Of Life on any hour of summer day,
That one o'erwhelmed how conceiving mind
Could vary every atom—each kind
A delicate formation—such as none
Could shape—but HE who sits upon Life's throne.

And such an One they bind in narrow space!
And such an One—dare circumscribe His Grace!
And say: So many Years and then the Human Race
Shall have its ending—General Judgment Day
Shall down on all—and God shall wipe away
The Human Race as one would summer flies;
Then the old world shall rock along the skies
A blazing world—That God once said was "Good,"
Surely as Victor then Prince Satan stood,
Had he not marred Jehovah's Glorious plan
And brought to his allegiances Sinful Man,
So God was baffled every way He turned--
Most of the Human Race had mercy spurned.

So, as if tired, and weary of the thing,
Jehovah Christ, the Great Eternal King,
Took off His few—and in revengeful ire
Kicked the cursed World a blazing mass of fire
Through His Grand Universe, to show to all
The Devil was triumphant at man's fall
And so continued to the very day
The World to gas and vapor passed away—
Thus in the smoke and whirl of winding sheet
Proclaiming His Disaster and Defeat!

Lo, in our hearts the Grand and Ancient Hope,
We know that Christ's Death had a loftier scope,
That Earth, with man, shall feel Redemption won
As on the Cross hung the Eternal Son!
And there indeed was an atonement made
For things we dream not—not to be displayed
Until Eternal Ages shall have spread
Their grand magnificence upon our head.
We now as children, but the letters learn,
But in the coming ages shall discern—

Purblind as now—then we shall surely see
The Grand Significance of Calvary!

We deem there is no ending to The Race
Till every star that glimmers now in space
Shall populous—be crowded with glad men
Without a fleck, or stain of any sin.

Where Satan conquered, he shall know defeat—
Full soon THE CHRIST shall crush him 'neath His feet!
Shall speak a word—LO! purified the Earth!
A house of plenty, of glad peace—gay mirth!
And then as earnest—to the entire Race
As pledge—what HE can do with wondrous grace,
HE shall make Israel's Nation free from Sin,
Eradicate all evil from within,
All pure and spotless—every eye shall see
What GOD shall do for all Humanity.
Then all GOD'S Universe shall surely see
The Consummation of the Grand Decree
Now a dead letter on JEHOVAH'S throne,
But then shall man the Glorious Blessing own.—
"Be Fruitful—Multiply—Replenish Earth,"
(With Beings holy from the hour of Birth)
"The Earth subdue and the Dominion bare
O'er fishes in the sea—o'er fowl in air
O'er everything that moveth on the Land
Lo, all are Thine to own and to Command."

CONFESSIONAL.

To whom, O CHRIST, if not to THEE
Can this poor sinner go,
All burdened with my sin, my shame,
My sorrow, and my woe?
To whom, O CHRIST, if not to THEE
With all my secret sin,
Ah, none but THEE would open arms
To take this sinner in.
To whom, O CHRIST, if not to THEE,
No mortal ever born
Who had beheld my leperousy
But would have shrunk in scorn.
To whom, O CHRIST, if not to THEE
Can I my sins confess,
For surely Mortal love would shrink
From my soul's hideousness.
To whom, O CHRIST, if not to THEE,
I need not tell THEE all,
For lo, THOU seest every stain
As at THY feet I fall.
To whom, O CHRIST, if not to THEE,
To whisper in THINE ear
The sense of sin, of wickedness
No earthly one may hear.
To whom, O CHRIST, if not to THEE
All other help would fail,
For I am but a paltry soul
When Satan's imps assail.
To whom, O CHRIST, if not to THEE,
THOU knowest well this heart,

THOU knowest my besetting sin
Which holds with luring art.
To whom, O CHRIST, if not to THEE,
For men would scorn the weak,
The mean, the worthless thing I am,
Should I my failing speak.
To whom, O CHRIST, if not to THEE,
For while men deem I'm clean
O CHRIST, THOU knowest that I am
As foul as can be seen.
To whom, O CHRIST, if not to THEE,
Ah me, it is most sweet
To know I can in secret go
And fall down at THY feet;
Nor speak one word, nor make one moan,
Nor lips break into prayer,
But with bowed head to surely know
That THOU, O CHRIST, stands near.
I have no need to tell THEE ought
'Tis all before THINE eye
THOU knowest—Knowest, O SWEET CHRIST,
How mean a thing am I.
Standing alone—there face to face
Silence more eloquent,
Than if in twice ten thousand years
My cries THINE ear had rent.
To whom, O CHRIST, if not to THEE
In all THY Loveliness,
Behold the tears upon THY feet
My rapturous soul now kiss.
To whom, O CHRIST, if not to THEE,
For me THY Life was shed,
And, Lo, THY Life of Righteousness,
Was poured upon my head.
To whom, O CHRIST, if not to THEE,

THOU art my Substitute—
Mine every sin was laid on THEE—
Now all accusers mute.
To whom, O CHRIST, if not to THEE,
The mediator THOU,
THOU hast put my hand into HIS,
HIS Kiss is on my brow.
To whom, O CHRIST, if not to THEE,
My GOD, my LORD, my KING,
Be THOU supreme in every thought—
Let me THY praises Sing.

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